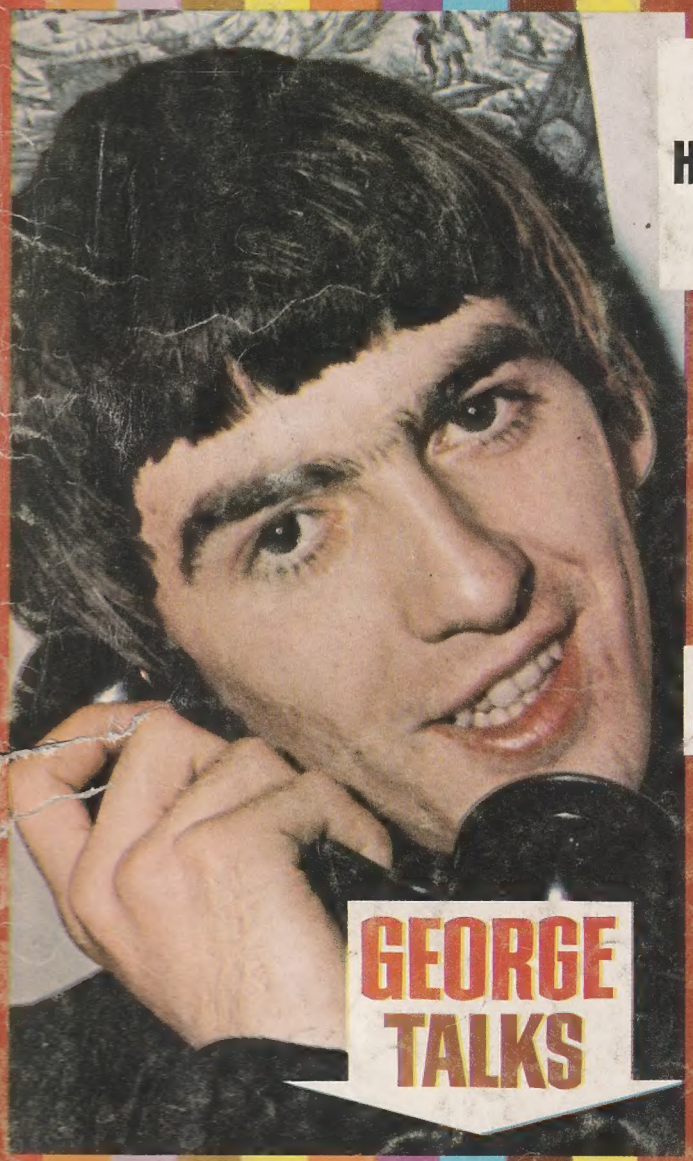
LLOYD THAXTON'S

IND

TIGER beat

APRIL • 35¢

BOBBY VINTON · BEACH BOYS · ELVIS · GARY LEWIS · THE KINKS · DINO



GEORGE TALKS

JAMES HOW TO CATCH FIRE BROWN!

KEITH ALLISON "NO, I'M NOT LIKE PAUL!"

PAUL, MARK, PHIL, DRAKE, MIKE } REVERE'S RAIDERS WILDEST PRANKS REVEALED

RINGO HE'S CHANGED! SEE HOW ON PG.20

SIMON & GARFUNKLE AS DIFFERENT AS THEIR NAMES

JOIN THE SAVE OUR STARS CLUB

YARD-BIRDS STRANGE IDEAS ON LIFE & LOVE

KNICKERBOCKERS THEY DON'T TELL LIES!

ZAP! WHAM! BATMAN & ROBIN

SONNY & CHER BATTLING BACK!

WHY THE BEATLES ARE EQUAL

PATTIE and GEO

The World's Most Precious Couple Start Life Off With a Kiss . . . And Hope It Will Last!

The baby-faced blonde took a deep breath and said, "I do." Then she looked up into the eyes of the boy she'd loved for so long . . . George Harrison. When the seven minute ceremony ended, she still couldn't believe it. Miss Pattie Boyd was now Mrs. George Harrison. She was married to one of the most famous and wonderful men in the world.

As George took her arm and led her from the register office at Epsom, wild thoughts flew through her mind. She had thought it all out before but now everything seemed different. Would she be a good wife to George? Could she really make him happy? How would she handle all his fame and all his money?

Well, she thought to herself, she'd just do the best she could. After all, she loved George with all her heart and this should be enough to keep them close from now on. Cynthia had done it and so had Maureen so now it was up to Pattie to make George Harrison a good wife and perhaps someday . . . a good mother to his children.

George looked at his new wife. He'd loved her for almost two years now and each day she seemed more beautiful to him. Dressed in a red silk outfit and red fox fur coat, Pattie's blonde hair and twinkling blue eyes never looked lovelier to George. As he stared at her Pattie kissed him lightly on the cheek. He was her husband now. And to George . . . this meant forever.

Of all the Beatles, George is the most practical. He thinks everything over very carefully before taking a step. He'd been in love with Pattie a long time, but this didn't make him sure that marriage would work out for the two of them. He waited and watched and allowed himself to feel every emotion toward Pattie before deciding that the two of them could make a success of marriage.

After the ceremony the couple told the press their feeling. "It's the happiest day of my life," said convent-educated Pattie, 21, who met George when she made her one attempt to act—a two-minute appearance in the 1964 Beatles' movie: "A Hard Day's Night."

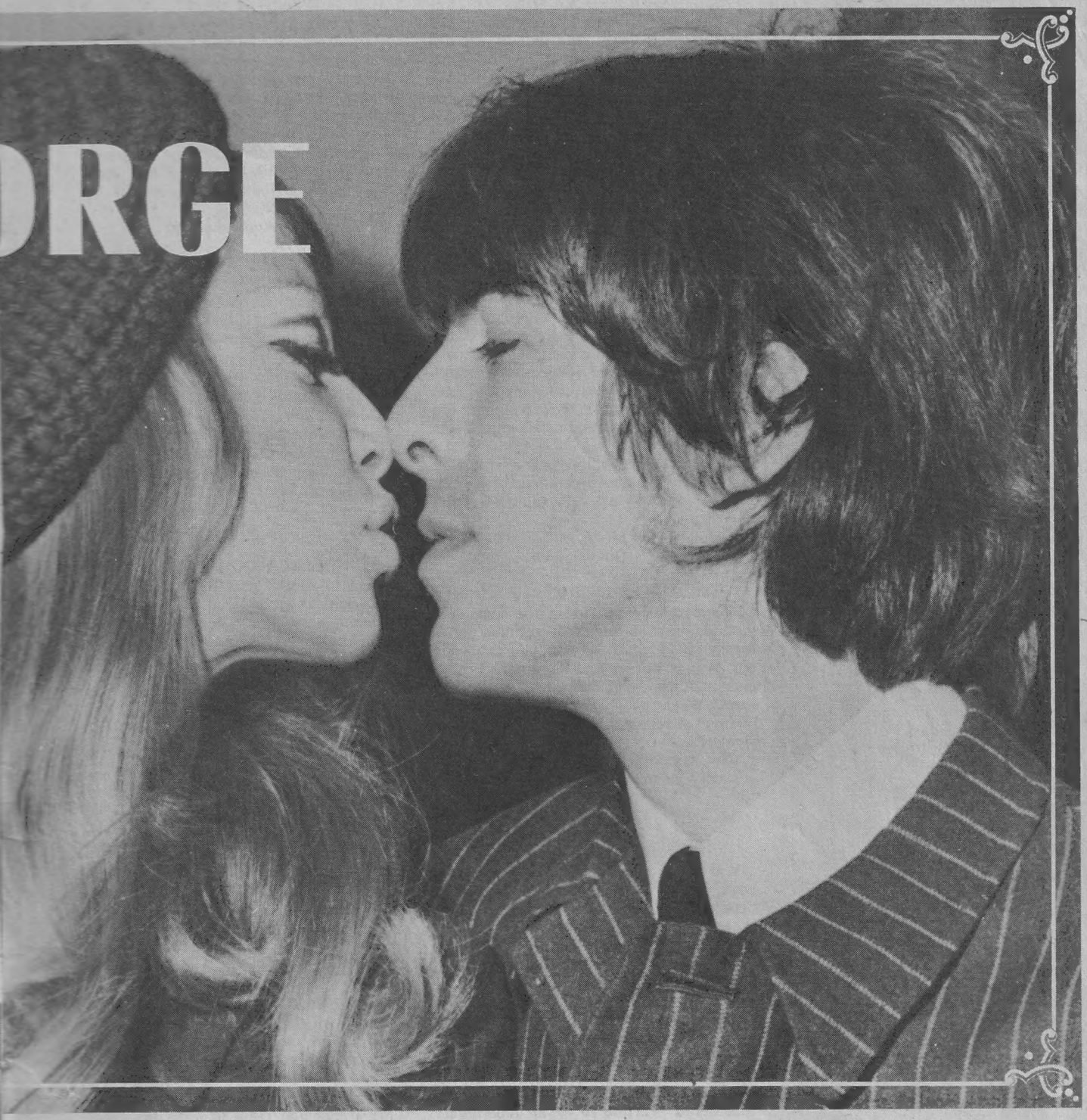
"Of course I am very happy," added George. "But we shall not have a honeymoon yet. We would just be hounded and wouldn't get any peace."

George and Pattie spent their wedding night at George's $56,000, five-bedroom bungalow near Epsom, in southern England. The next day they met the press again. George smiled as he said, "It's a bit too early to give a verdict on married life. People will think that because we've married we will start having children straight away. But we want to have a life together before getting tied down with kids. I expect we shall start a family in a year or so."

Both Pattie and George agreed they would like to have two or three children.

Pattie knows the problems of being married to a Beatle. In the first place a girl who's married to a Beatle is almost married to four boys instead of one. The fab four are so close as friends that if a girl didn't get along with all of them, she might as well not try to marry any one of them. Luckily for Pattie, she loves all the boys and they return her affection. She also gets along well with Brian Epstein which is important. Brian is very active in the personal lives of the Beatles and he's a very close friend.

There won't be too much trouble with housework for Pattie because



she'll have as many servants as she needs. Though George is wealthy, he still does not like to throw his money around so Pattie wants to watch her budget closely so that she can show George she's a good manager. She plans to continue doing a few modeling jobs so "I'll have some of my own money and can buy George a surprise gift now and then."

Fans across the world were shocked because John and Ringo didn't attend the ceremony. "That's ridiculous," snapped George. "I told John and Ringo about the wedding before they left. They needed that vacation and there's certainly no rift just because they weren't there. Both of them would have come if Pattie and I had thought it important. We just didn't . . . that's all."

The look in the eyes of Paul McCartney as he followed George and Pattie out of the register office after the wedding was one of happiness. You could read in his eyes that he was pleased for the young couple, but the same time, there was just the tiniest bit of sadness in his face. Could be he was thinking of himself . . . now alone.

Paul and Jane Asher have been as close as Pattie and George. Why, then, have they not married? Could be that by the time you read this, Paul will have followed his three buddies down the aisle of matrimony. It doesn't seem fair that a boy as handsome as Paul should not have the love and warmth that a good wife like Jane could give him.

One thing's for sure . . . everyone in the world wishes beautiful Pattie and handsome George all the good things in life. The Beatles give so much to everyone that they deserve the best. George certainly got himself the best when he married Pattie Boyd. May it be a honeymoon that lasts forever.

Send your letters to

TIGER TALK c/o
TiGER BEAT Magazine,
1800 N. Highland,
Hollywood, California 90028

NOTE TO THE BOYS

This is for Paul McCartney, Peter Noone, Karl Grean, Dino Martin, Mick Jagger and all the other performers who have made music paramount in my life.

I've been a supporter since February of 1964. I was never a screamer. I was one who sat and enjoyed your music and you. There were times when I was blue and a Beatle or Hermits record picked me up.

You don't know it, but in the last two years I've matured with you. I've grown to know that you are all human. I understand about Jane Asher, Chris Shrimpton, Pattie Boyd and all the others who give you pleasure, so I'm happy.

I don't know if I've completely expressed my feelings, but I've tried.

Louis Sokob
Miami Beach, Fla.

MORE ON BIKINIS

In your January magazine, a girl named Marie wrote to TiGER Talk and said she thought bikinis were great for girls.

Well, I don't agree. I was once a Californian, I have a very good figure, and I wouldn't be caught dead in one of those dreadful looking things! I think girls look very cheap in them!

Singers like the Beach Boys who are always singing the praises of girls in bikinis are being very fresh. That's how I feel about bikinis!

Sandra A.
Hopewell, Va.

SHOCKED AT MIA

I just read that Mia Farrow was in her dressing room, took up a pair of scissors and cut off almost all of her beautiful hair on impulse! I'm shocked after all those years of loving care it took to grow it!

If she thinks of things like that, what other thoughts creep into her mind? My friends and I are very upset by this. We think she looks horrible. But I guess it's her business what she does with herself.

Anne Ellzey
Sarasota, Fla.

DEFENDING THE KING KIDS

I didn't like the letter you printed from the girl who complained about the King Family kids. She said their voices crack and that they can't dance.

Jon is the only one whose voice cracks once in a while, and it's only because it's changing. And if you watched the show recently, you could see that he is getting over it.

Just because one kid has a changing voice is no reason to condemn them all. I think they are all very talented. Long live the Kings!

M. M.
Omaha, Neb.

WHY WORRY?

The parents who resent the long hair on kids have a point. It oftimes looks messy. BUT . . . they do like the good old days of horses and buggies, knickers **and** pudding bowl haircuts! And don't forget Washington's men, and those most distinguished longhairs who played classical music!

Why worry parents? It isn't **your** hair! It's only history repeating itself.

Leslie Thompson
Metuchen, N.J.

S. P. C. L. G.

You asked for opinions on long-haired boys, and as the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Long-Haired Boys, we're speaking up!

We think that a boy has as much right to wear his hair long as does a girl. A girl can wear boys' Levis, shirts, etc., without being considered masculine. Why should a long-haired boy be considered feminine? Would you call John Lennon or Mark Lindsay FEMININE??? The long hair worn by boys today is just history repeating itself. Why is it suddenly considered a crime to be an individual? Are we to become a Nation of Sheep? If most schools had their way, this is exactly what we would become.

Any school that suspends a boy with long hair has got to be sick. A school should be concerned with what's **in** his head, not on it. A girl can wear her hair any length she chooses. Why shouldn't a boy be afforded the same privileges?

Many parents ask: "Why long hair?" We'll give you two good reasons: 1) It looks better; 2) Girls like it. What better reasons could you ask for?

In closing, we leave a message to the boys of the world: "BABY LET YOUR HAIR HANG DOWN!"

Becky and Mary
Travis AFB, Calif.

SNIP IT OFF!

I like long hair on boys, but only to a certain extent. It's a little humilitating to go to a dance and have a boy "cut in" by accidently tapping **you** on the shoulder because you have shorter hair than your partner!

Guys who have long hair and don't take care of it really annoy me. If there's some guy reading this who has long, greasy locks, shape it up or snip it off!

Me
Appleton, Wisc.

NOT FAIR TO PATTY

In your latest issue of TIGER BEAT you had an article on Patty Duke. Your exact words were: "She's not actually pretty, but she's very cute and has sparkling eyes."

Patty is not only pretty, but is a beautiful girl! I think you should take a better look at her.

In the same issue you described Donovan as "handsome." He is the homeliest boy I've ever seen! Where do you get the nerve to print such things?

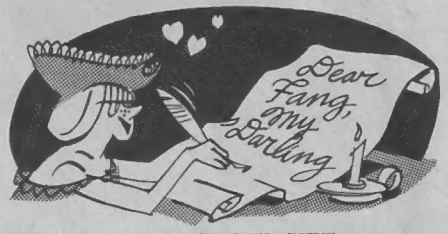
Patty Fan
Islip, L.I.

HULLABALOO DANCERS

I had to write this after reading what a girl said about the Hullabaloo dancers all being showoffs. I recently attended a Hullabaloo taping, and it's not all of the dancers, but just one of them. I won't mention any names, but I met this girl and also another of the dancers. The other dancer was the sweetest person you'd ever want to meet.

So please don't say all the dancers are showoffs, when it's only that one girl.

Diane
Lynbrook, N.Y.



BEST GROUP YET

I am with C. L. of Lynn, Indiana that Paul Revere and the Raiders are the best group to come out yet! I'm tired of the English look and the English groups. They all sound and look alike to me.

My friend and I got to meet the Raiders personally, and they are very friendly and down-to-earth. We even got to **kiss** Fang, and two weeks later I got a postcard from Drake while they were still on tour. This shows that they like to make friends wherever they go.

I am going to make myself a Raider's outfit, and I already have a hat that I've made myself.

So come on, America! We can't let the British beat us. Remember, we beat them before and we can do it again! Let the British grow their hair, and let Paul Revere ride his rockin' piano!

Raider Fan
Florence, Ala.

(Continued on page 6)

Volume 1, Number 8

contents

George and Pattie 2
Tiger Talk 4
Why the Beatles Are Equal 8
Paul Revere and the Raiders 9
Keith Allison 12
Star Test 14
Save Our Stars 16
The New Ringo 20
James Brown 22
Topsy Popsy Music World 26
Simon & Garfunkle 30
Batman & Robin 32
Surprise New Group 34
Group Scoops 36
Love Letters to the Stars 40
Herman in One Word: Modest 42
Knickerbockers 46
Yardbirds 47
Sonny & Cher 48
Elvis Presley 50
Joan Baez 51
Guys, Gals, Groups 52
Bobby Vinton 54
Dear Kitty 56
Aloha, Gary 58
Meow-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w by Laudy Powell 66

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There are so many people interested in playing music today because music makes up a big portion of our day. Because of this, many musically talented people are coming forward and discovering themselves, whereas in another era they might never learn of their abilities. Note I say they are discovering *themselves* and would like someone *else* to discover them. We get a lot of mail on the show asking us, "How do I make a record? How do I get someone to hear my group?"

Well, like always, to be a success in the record business it takes three things—talent, luck and most of all persistence. Because of the crowded schedules of most record talent finders, they don't have time to give private auditions. So if you want to be heard, you must go to a recording studio and make a record. This can cost you anywhere from $25 to $1,500 and is really a necessity today. The further you can go in making the record, the better. For example, if it is good enough so the company doesn't have to re-record it and can use your record, then you are on your way.

The main thing is don't give up. Talent always wins out, and if you are good and persistent, some day you will make it.

Send the record in to record companies, hound the companies and if it doesn't make it, make another record and start over. Even if the record company accepts the record, this is only the beginning and it's a long uphill fight. But don't give up because it is hard. Anything that is good is hard and someone has to be the star. Tiger, it might be you.

Lloyd Thaxton

LOOSE TONGUES?

I happened to read TiGER Talk in this month's issue, and some of the letters are absolutely ridiculous! They sound so immature. An adult or mature person picking up the magazine would throw it down in disgust after reading such things as the letters on the King Family or Hullabaloo Dancers.

If one must criticize, they could at least back their statements up with sound reasoning instead of blurting out a thoughtless remark. I still believe in the old adage, "If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all."

Each person is entitled to his or her opinion, but the way it is expressed marks the difference between a thoughtful, mature person and an unthinking loose-tongued child.

Sondra Wakefield
Boston, Mass.

LIVERPOOL LYNNE SPEAKS

I'm tired of seeing all the misinformation printed about British groups and groupies by some American mags! If you want to get it straight from a teenager in the city that started it all, write to me, "Liverpool Lynne Fishel!"

Lynne Fishel
40, Menlove Gardens W.
Liverpool 18, ENGLAND

BEAUTIFUL PAUL

I luv you! I luv you! I nearly fainted when I read Super Paul McCartney! It was the best story I've ever read about beautiful Paul. He has always been my favorite and I could kiss you for allowing others to realize that he is the greatest.

I have just one request. Please have more pictures on Paul, Paul, beautiful Paul.

Michelle Mack
Sask. Canada

WENT TOO FAR

I think you carried things a little too far with your "Super Paul" story in the January issue. I know Paul McCartney is nice-looking and talented, but when you said that Ringo and George could easily be replaced, I got mad! The Beatles wouldn't be the Beatles without Ringo and George!

Karin Loos
Whittier, Calif.

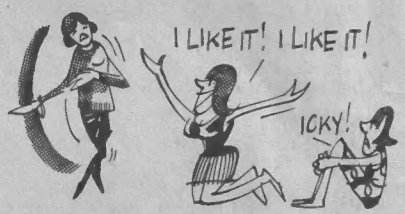
Help! We've been deluged with letters like this, asking us how we dared to say that Ringo and George could be replaced! If everyone would please read the story again, they would notice that we quoted a "close acquaintance" of Paul's as making this statement. We're with you—the fab four wouldn't be the same without George and Ringo!

SUPER PAUL?

What's so "Super" about Paul McCartney? Or better yet, what's he got that John Lennon hasn't? They can both 1) write hit songs, 2) sing well, and 3) act well. And you can't say either one would crack a mirror with his looks. Both can play piano and organ, but I don't know if Paul can play a harmonica like John can.

I'm not saying there's anything wrong with Paul. That would be a lie. But why not "Super John" too?

Sue Titus
Northridge, Calif.



CAN YOU NAME THIS STAR?

Here, making a getaway after a performance, is one of the most publicized stars in the history of rock and roll. He's handsome to look at and has a great voice. One special hint . . . he's unmarried and American. Try your luck at guessing and then turn to page 64 to see how right you are.

GRATEFUL FANS

Greetings and salutations from we very, VERY grateful Paul Revere and the Raiders' fans out here in Chicagoland! We can't begin to tell you how very much we loved and thoroughly enjoy all your extra-terrific articles and fabulous pictures of the Raiders. Once again, your magazine was the FIRST to bring American teens just what they wanted—and needless to say, we'll be waiting anxiously for many more articles and pix of our guys in future issues.

JoAnne Binder
Chicago, Ill.

PAUL'S HAIR

I like the way Paul McCartney keeps his hair. It's neat looking and clean. It also isn't that long, and it looks great on him!

I say of all the groups and singers in the world, Paul's hair is the best!

Jackie K.
Cranford, N.J.

GA GA OVER DAVID

I disagree with that Solo Nut from New Jersey who says more girls go for Robert Vaughn. I'm writing to all U.N.C.L.E. fans to tell them to take a good look at lovable David McCallum. He's sweet, blond, and most of all, cute!

David, who does most of the work without using a "stunt man" should be the star. So be good TiGER BEAT readers and stick with David.

U.N.C.L.E. Fan No. 99
Pittsburg, Pa.

MICK'S THE GREATEST

I'm writing to all the girls who complain about the way Mick Jagger moves about when he's performing. I just happen to like it! If he thinks he looks cute and sexy, I have news for you—he does! And how!

I know lots of girls and boys alike who try to copy him, and I'm one of them!

P. R.
Williamson, W. Va.

IT'S GEORGE FOR HER

In your January issue a girl wrote in saying if Paul McCartney got married it would ruin the Beatle popularity. What I didn't agree with was what she said after that: "Since everyone admits Paul is blessed with the best looks of the fab four . . ."

Well, I hate to tell her this, but around our town George happens to be most popular with the girls. My friends and I think Paul is all washed up, and we flip more for John and George because they are the most normal looking guys, without baby faces like Paul's!

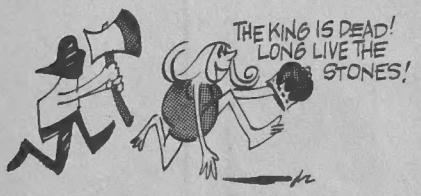
P. C.
Vestal, N.Y.

PROTECT THE IDOLS

I agree with what Sandi Demming said about fans being too rough with their idols. It abhors me to see fans rushing and tearing at performers just to have a keepsake of theirs. I get frightened whenever I hear that one of the performers has been hurt by fans. If nothing else, this makes a performer prejudiced against fans because of a few idiots acting up.

It infuriates me when I hear of all these lukewarm fans getting into press conferences and tearing the place up, when there are those of us who really love and respect our stars and wouldn't do anything to harm them.

Kathy Atchison
San Anselmo, Calif.



HE'S GONE

In the January issue I read a letter from an Elvis fan who said that El would be King until he dies.

Well, if that's the way it is, he's been dead for ages!

Stone Fan
Burbank, Calif.

LET'S SEE ALFY!!

What's the matter with David Watson who portrays Alfy on "Never Too Young?" Isn't he good enough for your magazine? He's good-looking, talented and has lots more appeal than some of the kooks you put in your magazine!

So, calling all David Watson fans! Get those letters in and let's hope we'll be seeing him in TiGER BEAT real soon! Also, where can I write him?

Loyal Fan
St. Clair, Mich.

Write to David Watson c/o ABC-TV, 4151 Prospect, Hollywood, Calif. 90027. If we get enough mail on him, we'll be happy to do a special feature on David.

WHY?

I know that I should not tell you what to write, but don't you think that you are pushing Dino, Desi and Billy? What I mean is, don't you think you are going overboard, saying that they are old, when just by looking at them you can tell that they are under 15?

In the December issue, what did you mean by "Wealth has not spoiled them?" They were famous and rich when they were born, because of their parents!

Steven
Los Angeles

We never said they were "old," and our comments on their wealth were that these boys have made their own money and their own names through their talent. And they really are unspoiled!

DREAMBOATS

Why do some kids have to put down Dino, Desi and Billy because they are young? These dolls aren't too babyish to be liked, and they're very talented, too.

True, Dino and the others are from wealthy families and are making money themselves, but that doesn't automatically mean that these boys are spoiled and conceited!

Billy is my favorite of the three because I really go for long, black hair and a dark complexion. He has the prettiest brown eyes I've ever seen! Dino is really a neat kid, and Desi is sure sweet-lookin'.

Dino, Desi and Billy certainly beat some of these old fogies I've seen and heard like Ray Orbison or such. Fab singers don't have to be over 15, because age doesn't have anything to do with good music and singing. Can't younger kids be gear too?

Faithful One
Eugene, Ore.

LOVE TO LLOYD

Mr. Thaxton, you are possessed of a well-formed imagination, so you can do as I ask. Try to thing of something fantastically marvelous. Now I can inform you that your show, magazine and most of all **you** pass this marvelous thing by many degrees!

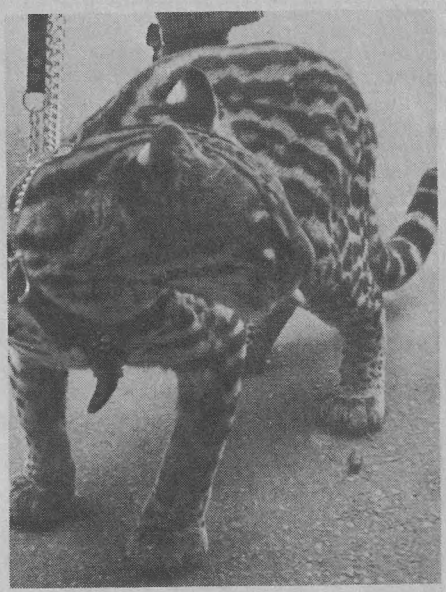
Anyone watching your show can be certain of the best in viewing. Reading your magazine is like breathing a breath of fresh air. And you are as a man should be. Personality-wise, you are perfect—quite flawless; I can laugh with you, even cry with you, because I understand you. I consider you a friend although we've never met.

Without you the world would be a dreary mass of shadows. So, Mr. Thaxton, thank you for being you. Thanks for being a friend to the teenager!

M. A. Phillips
Duluth, Minn.

WHO IS HOLDING THIS OCELOT'S LEASH?

She's one of the truly fab girl singers of today. Her initials are both the same and she writes music as well as sings it. She showed up recently to do a "Shivaree" show with this wonderful ocelot. Think out your answer and remember she's a brunette beauty who can do everything. Turn to page 64 for the answer.



MORE ON PAT

I am writing to request more articles and photos on the Great Pat Boone! He has millions of other fans who would like to have more information and pictures on their idol.

I'm sure you will agree with me when I say he is one of the greatest movie actors and singers in show business. I do hope you will fulfill my request. Thank you.

Leonard Lujan
Albuquerque, N. M.

PROBY THE FANTASTIC

Thank you ever so much for your articles on the most wonderful thing in the entertainment world! That's the fantastic P. J. Proby!! I think he's the most wonderful thing in this world!

I'm dying to know everything about him, so will you please print his life story, his likes and dislikes and all the news about him!

Peggy Donaldson
Birmingham, Ala.

NOT LOYAL

Derek Taylor is a genius in evaluating people. The Dave Clark Five are a group of conceited snobs who think they are God's gift to the world. They all should grow their hair longer to hide their faces!

I don't think they are loyal to their fans. They hide behind their big guitars and irridescent raincoats.

Not a Fan
Jamaica, N.Y.

(Continued on page 64)

THE BEATLES

By Charles Laufer
Publisher
Lloyd Thaxton's
TiGER BEAT

George, Ringo, John, and Paul are the four greatest entertainers in the world today! Their music and personalities will most likely never be equaled again.

The most amazing fact about this group is that when it comes to dealing out the honors to one single individual within the foursome, the rewards must always be divided equally.

Where one Beatle is a more gifted musician, the other is a more gifted conversationalist. Where one is a fabulous singer, the other is more of a specialist in rhythm. In acting, each has a certain style all his own which could make him an outstanding star even without the name of the Beatles.

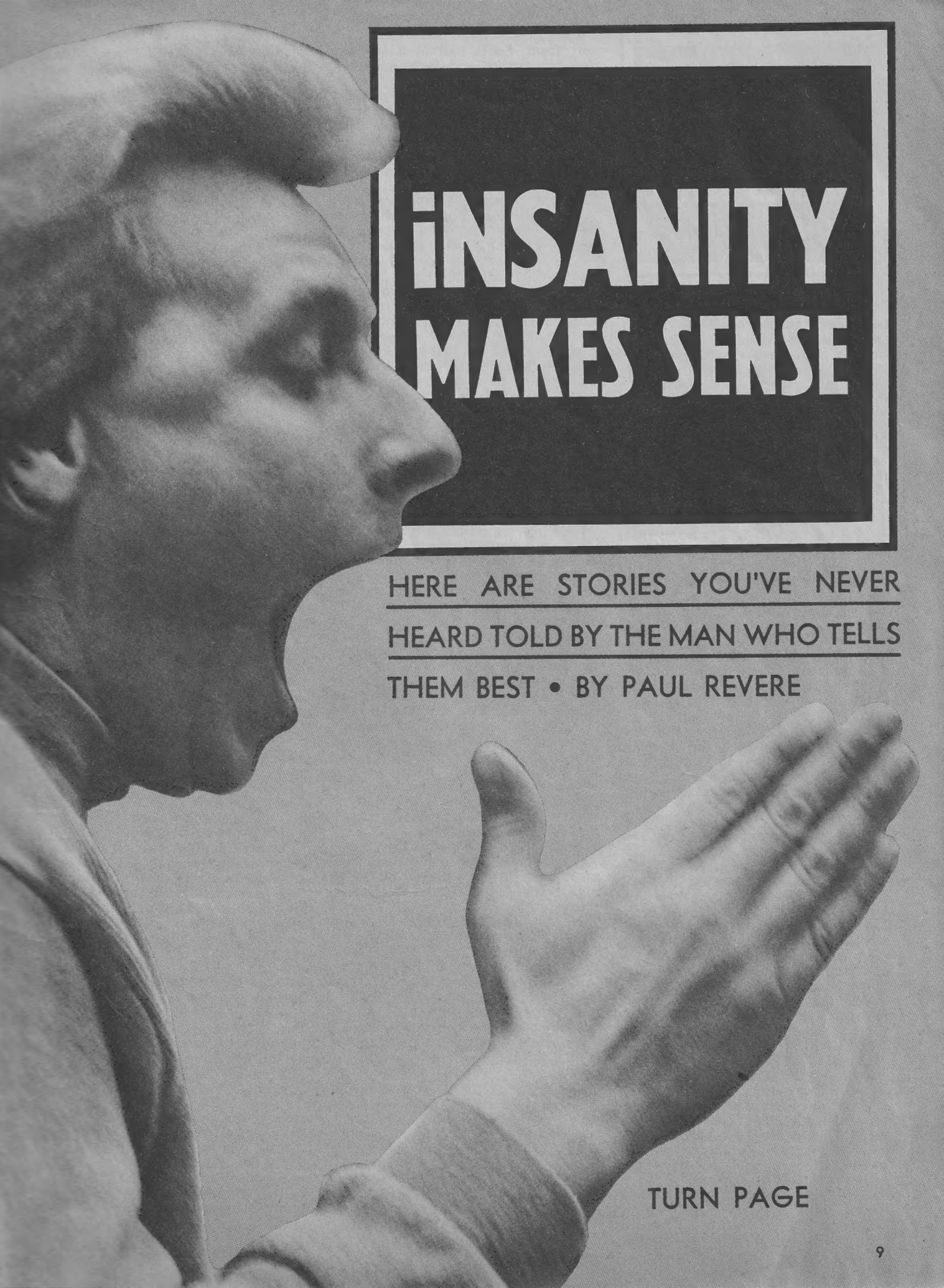
In our January issue, a young lady was quoted as saying that if any of the Beatles could be replaced, it most likely would have to be either Ringo or George because Paul and John are irreplaceable. Let me go on record as saying right here and now that THE EDITORS OF TIGER BEAT MAGAZINE BELIEVE THE BEATLES ARE EQUAL. WITHOUT RINGO, JOHN, PAUL, AND GEORGE WORKING TOGETHER AS A TEAM, THERE COULD BE NO BEATLES. NOT ONE OF THEM COULD EVER BE REPLACED. And many times each Beatle has said, "If one of us were to quit . . . we'd all have to quit. We wouldn't know how to get along without everyone of us working together."

Probably the most remarkable thing about the Beatles is the fact that they are so equal in every respect. Take a look below at their various measurements and statistics. Even these are so close it's amazing. When they perform, all their talents blend together like a fantastic sunset.

Their personalities sparkle and crackle when they're together as if they'd had a specially prepared script written for them. In every way, these boys are fantastic! And it's a gift to us all that such greatness can come in four equal packages!

Why They Are Equal!

	HAIR	EYES	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	COLLAR	CHEST	WAIST	SHOE SIZE
JOHN	Med. Brown	Brown	5' 11"	159 lbs.	15½"	39"	32"	8½
RINGO	Brown	Blue	5' 8"	134 lbs.	14½"	38"	29"	7
GEORGE	Dark Brown	Hazel	5' 11"	142 lbs.	14"	38"	30"	7
PAUL	Dark Brown	Brown	5' 11"	158 lbs.	15"	38"	30"	8



INSANITY MAKES SENSE

HERE ARE STORIES YOU'VE NEVER HEARD TOLD BY THE MAN WHO TELLS THEM BEST • BY PAUL REVERE

TURN PAGE

INSANITY MAKES SENSE

Insanity is our kick. Kids enjoy watching the Raiders make like refugees from the nut farm. We enjoy it too and it helps us stay sane in this high-pressure music game.

Older teen-agers are rather withdrawn and fear to appear ridiculous but they'll do things in a crowd or with their own gang they'd never do alone. Same with us. If one of us had to walk out on the stage alone he'd probably freeze up like a frostie but we can do anything nutty in a group. As soon as we put on our idiot suits we know we look ridiculous and we act the part.

The one thing I had in mind from the beginning was that Paul Revere and the Raiders should not be a stand-still music group. We want to pleasure the eye as well as the ear. Some groups just stand on the stage and try to come on cool. The girls in the audience may like them but the boys instinctively don't. When we are more crazy than cool, the guys dig us and the gals think we're "cute," so we're in like Flynn with both sexes.

Where The Action Is gives us free reign to happen with the kookiest kicks we can think of. One day we row to the middle of a lake and start a fracas that capsizes the boat and dumps us in the drink; next day we climb trees in a park, swing from limb to limb to limb, screeching and scratching like monkeys. The scenes are set in the scripts but 90 per cent of the action is strictly ad lib.

We do whatever the props and action call for. One time when Drake Levin was too sick to play the show, we made a fake Drake with a wax mannequin which we could wham and slam around with no human bones to bust.

When five guys like us work and live together so much of the time there's nothing new to discuss. After five years we've heard everything each guy has to say, so we start creating wild scenes among ourselves. We can sense what the other is going to do and we follow through on any impromptu spur-of-the-moment action. Our self-made shenanigans keep us from going out of our minds. Other people, not knowing how to take us, go into shock.

Like the night in Milwaukee which found us in a nitty-nutty mood waiting our turn to appear on stage. There was a monstrous crowd out front. Seats had been sold out for two weeks and 3,000 kids had been turned away.

We were in our dressing room playing pranks on each other to while away the time. A man entered the dressing room like he belonged there. We shut down and regarded him with stony silence when he introduced himself as the local deejay who had promoted the concert. We pointed accusing fingers at him and said to each other: "This man is crazy! He's absolutely insane!"

Our eyes grew wild and scared. We picked him up bodily, threw him out of the dressing room, threw his hat after him and slammed the door. So here's this guy who never met us before but who's spending a load of bread to bring us to Milwaukee, and we call him names and throw him out! Puzzled is a mild word for what he was. A pack of kids outside the dressing room heard us calling him crazy, saw us kicking him out and throwing things at him.

So when Roger Hart, our road manager, laid his hand on the door knob to enter, the kids warned him not to go in because the Raiders were throwing people out.

"They won't throw ME out!" Roger declared, entering the room.

We looked at him like we'd never seen him before and started screaming and yelling, "He's crazy, too!" We created a terrific noise for the benefit of the teen ears pasted to the door. Then we picked Roger up by the collar and seat of his pants and we tossed him out.

A 13-year-old girl looked up to him and said, "See, I told you so."

After that we ejected the promoter twice more. When we finally let him in, we talked to him like nothing had happened. When he asked why we'd thrown him out, we acted surprised and said we didn't know what he was talking about; maybe he'd just imagined it!

I'm amazed at some of the things we do to keep from being bored on tour. Last year we played 300 one-nighters in 300 different cities and towns.

In the old days before we were signed for the Dick Clark TV'er, we used to tour the Pacific Northwest in a big black hearse. We'd arrive in a town with our lights on during daylight, driving very slowly, passing through red lights, parking without putting a coin in the parking meters—and we never got a traffic ticket for anything.

Once we filled the hearse with bright balloons. As we rolled down the streets of the little town we released hundreds of them until the downtown streets were filled with balloons. The townspeople didn't know how to take it, they didn't laugh or say a word but the weirdest things would happen. Little old ladies would run out in the street to catch one of the balloons. Sometimes we had a sign on the hearse reading "LIVE MUSIC" and a pair of shoes with the toes pointed outward glued to the back window.

One cold winter's day in Pendleton, Oregon, we stopped in front of a hotel and carried Mark Lindsay out of the hearse. He was stiff as a board. We propped him up against a telephone pole, tied him so he wouldn't fall down, then we drove away. When we came back later to retrieve the "corpse," the street was crowded with open-mouthed gapers who couldn't believe their eyes. We just threw him back into the hearse like a sack of oats and took off. People are still talking about that episode in Pendleton.

One day we dressed Mark as a sultan in a silk suit and a bright purple turban with a broach we bought at a dime store but which looked like $5 million. The rest of us dressed in trench coats like Secret Service men and bodyguards.

We pulled up in front of a restaurant where everyone could see us. The guys jumped out, checked the streets very suspicious-like and opened the door for the maharajah. It was a put-on like the cheapest Hollywood movie but the people in the restaurant were really taken in. Nobody cracked a smile.

Mark, the maharajah, and Drake jabbered to each other in some jargon that sounded real but was pure gibberish. The rest of us sat with our hands in our trench coat pockets as if holding concealed pistols, our eyes searching the premises for would-be assassins.

We gave our orders, breakfast steaks, to the waitress and then had to wait an unbelievably long time. When we complained, they told us the cook himself had raced out to the meat market to buy the thickest steaks in town for the rajah . . . it was taking half a morning to cook it. The rest of us received our steaks but we wouldn't touch them, explaining we didn't dare eat until the maharajah had started. The waitress panicked and the cook threw on wood and coal until the whole place was filled with smoke. When the rajah's steak arrived, Drake had to taste it to make sure it wasn't poisoned. The waitress was watching all this with her eyes and mouth wide open.

When Rajah, Mark finished, he took his plate which still had a lot of chow on it, and turned it upside down. Potatoes, peas and the half-finished steak were all strewn over the table and floor.

Everybody in the place—truck drivers, farmers and cattlemen—stood up to see what happened. The waitress screamed, "What's wrong? What's wrong?"

So we explained that it's the custom of our country to turn the plate upside down when a meal is finished whether there's still food on it or not. It was hideous!—but nobody smiled.

(Continued on page 55)

THE RAIDERS and Keith Allison enjoy their association together. They're seen each day on "Where The Action Is" and are personal friends in real life.

Dimpled darlings with smiling voices and eyes that crackle with masculinity don't come along too often. These fab assets all belong to a young man who only about two years ago found himself the object of a terrifying event.

Back in 1964 Keith Allison was a happy young member of the popular Crickets, who once had as their leader Buddy Holly. He was unaware of his secret weapon. He felt secure as a member of the group and was happy with his work. Then one night it happened. As the Crickets finished a performance, a girl spotted Keith's round, brown eyes with the sloping brows and started screaming. Then others joined her and soon Keith was fighting the crowd of girls almost for his life.

He couldn't understand it for a minute . . . for the girls kept yelling 'Paul . . . Paul . . . You're Paul! Of course, Keith realized. They thought he looked like Paul McCartney.

And he does look like Paul McCartney. He's handsome, tall, and smiles almost all the time. Often in show business, it's not good to look like anther star, because in Keith's case he has enough talent to go along with his looks.

Resembling Paul has given Keith several breaks and these he's very grateful for. The most significant one came the night Keith wandered into Hollywood's Whisky A' Go Go in search of an old friend. It just happened that at this time Dick Clark's ABC TV-network show "Where the Action Is" was being filmed right at the Go-Go.

Clark's production executive Rosalind Ross, who wastes neither time nor words, was looking for spare bodies to appear as background players. She walked up to Keith and said, "Are you busy?"

"No," Keith answered questioningly.

"Then sit down," Miss Ross ordered.

Keith sat down and the show was filmed.

Paul Revere and the Raiders, Steve Alaimo, Linda Scott and a few other guest stars began performing and two weeks later the show was screened nationwide.

Immediately, Dick Clark's office began receiving thousands of fan letters asking 'Was that Paul?' or 'If it wasn't Paul, who was it?'

Dick Clark was impressed and immediately signed Keith for twelve months on "Where the Action Is." To his surprise, Dick discovered that Keith not only looked like Paul McCartney, but he was talented in practically every way.

Keith, born in Coleman, Texas, has a southern drawl that won't quit. And his Texas charm is quite evident every time "Where the Action Is" hits the TV screens. Standing 6'1" tall and weighing 165 lbs., Keith is a dynamic structure every time he appears. Hidden behind his

KE

This Paul McCartney look alike has exciting plans!

brawny build is the sweetest disposition imaginable. Unassuming, polite, and warm. Keith shies away from going the 'big star' route. He's fond of the simple life and when he's not working, Keith spends most of the time he has left over at home, watching TV or listening to records.

His success didn't come easily. After his high school graduation from Robert E. Lee High School in San Antonio, he moved to North Texas State University where he majored in business, music and psychology. Keith became devoted to the music of Buddy Holly, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Chuck Berry. When he had a buck or two to spare, he bought a record or went to a concert.

He finally got to meet Holly backstage one day and liked him. Also, he met Ray Peterson, who was to top the American charts with "Corina Corina." And after winning a high school talent search — sponsored by a national organization, Keith decided to spend his vacations backing Peterson on lead guitar.

After leaving college, he toured with Peterson, the Beach Boys, and the Kingsmen, traveling across America, to Hawaii and Southern California. Much of the time he had almost no money, but he refused to live off his parents. He kept practicing and waiting for his big break to come.

In 1963 and 1964 he worked with Peter and Gordon on tour, played in recording sessions, toured with the Righteous Brothers, and finally joined the Crickets, of whom his old schoolboy hero Buddy Holly had been the famous leader.

Today, at 22, Keith's hard work has all paid off. He's a young star in his own right and having a ball at everything he does.

His personal life is filled with close friends like Paul Revere and the Raiders and most of the other young people in the music business. He loves being on the show because it's so full of fun and still allows him free time to make records for Warner Brothers. His lazy charm gets to everyone he meets and girls insist he has "the softest skin a man could possibly want . . . just like velvet . . . and deep brown eyes that you could just sink into." He's quiet, but enjoys a good laugh just as much as any other extrovert. His favorite drink is iced tea and his hobbies depend upon his mood. He loves toying with electric trains or riding motorcycles or maybe sitting around just practicing on the guitar.

His top composers are Lennon-McCartney, Bob Dylan, and Chuck Berry. On stage he admires Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis and the old guard of rock and rollers.

Keith's clothes have the British feel, but are always casual. He wears well-cut denim slacks, black turtleneck sweaters and high leather boots. He's hoping soon to buy a Cadillac.

Being serious about everything keeps Keith on his toes. He wants very much to be a success at everything he does.

About the Paul McCartney association, Keith shrugs it off. "I admire Paul very much and no one in his right mind would object to being mistaken for such a great person. But I want to be known someday just for myself and I know that I can't rely on looking like Paul just to get ahead. I'll keep working very hard and who knows, someday maybe no one will even think of Paul and me together.

With Keith's drive and talent, it appears that this day may be coming sooner than he expects.

ITH ALLISON

HANDSOME FEATURES like Keith's don't come along very often. People recognize him as being one of the big new talents to hit show business!

STAR TE

how much do you really know ab

1. Mike McGear is:

a. Paul McCartney's brother
b. Mick Jagger's cousin
c. A fab singer
d. Very handsome
e. Going steady with Sheila Bonds

2. Dennis Wilson was born:

a. In Milwaukee, Wisconsin
b. On Jan. 4, 1943
c. On Dec. 4, 1944
d. At 7:33 P. M.
e. In Los Angeles, California

5. Men close to the Beatles include:

a. Derek Taylor
b. Nel Aspinall
c. Brian Epstein
d. Albert Lovell
e. Simon Swartz

8. The Rolling Stones are:

a. Mick Jagger
b. Chris Jones
c. Keith Richard
d. Charlie Watts
e. Bill Wyman

3. Ringo Starr was married:

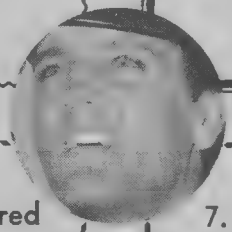
a. On a Thursday
b. On a Friday
c. At 3:30 in the afternoon
d. At 8:15 A. M.
e. In London

6. Chad Stuart is:

a. Married to Jan Stuart
b. An actor
c. A guitarist
d. the partner of Jeremy and Jill
e. 6' 5" tall

9. Peter Asher:

a. Has brown hair
b. Has red hair
c. Has a sister named Jane
d. Is a racing enthusiast
e. Can stand on his head for ten minutes at a time



4. Elvis Presley starred in:

a. "Blue Hawaii"
b. "Love Me Tender"
c. "Love in New Orleans"
d. "House Boy"
e. "Las Vegas Story"

7. Dino Martin, Jr. is:

a. Going steady with Jill Haworth
b. Born on December 17, 1951
c. 5' 4" tall
d. Lives in Beverly Hills, California
e. Jerry Lewis' nephew

10. David McCallum's hobby is:

a. Cooking
b. Gardening
c. Electronics
d. Sports cars
e. Athletics

EST!

ut your faves?

Here's a chance to prove your knowledge. The following twenty questions may have more than one correct answer, so circle the letter of each statement you think applies to the question. Though there are only twenty questions, there are 41 correct answers.

After completing the test, turn to page 63 for the correct answers. Score yourself this way: 39-41 Swingin' Egghead; 35-39 Getting the message; Below 35: Better brush up on your reading.

answers page 63

17. David McCallum is married to:

a. Jill Stuart
b. Jill St. John
c. Jill Ireland
d. Joyce Jameson
e. Shirley Eaton

11. Jan and Dean are:

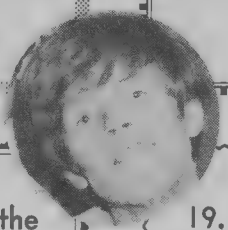
a. Brothers
b. Partners
c. Actors
d. Neighbors
e. High School Buddies

14. Mick Jagger's brother's name is:

a. John
b. Phil
c. Chris
d. Paul
e. Brian

18. Beverly Bivens is a member of:

a. Liverpool Five
b. Deep Six
c. We Five
d. Vejetables
e. Astronauts



12. Denis Payton's dog is named:

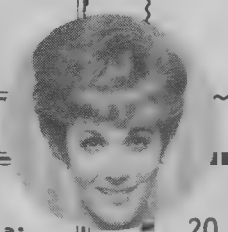
a. Susie
b. Tina
c. Tray
d. Boots
e. Sandi

15. Paul Revere and the Raiders include:

a. Mike
b. Drake
c. Phil
d. Mick
e. Paul

19. This star suffered a broken leg last year:

a. Rob King
b. Jan Barry
c. Bruce Scott
d. Don Everly
e. Bobby Vinton



13. Ringo was hospitalized by:

a. Broken leg
b. Tonsillitus
c. Pneumonia
d. Appendicitus
e. Back trouble

16. Dave Davies is a:

a. Shindog
b. Marvel
c. Kink
d. Hermit
e. Liverpool Five

20. The following girls have a TV series:

a. Patty Duke
b. Debbie Watson
c. Sally Field
d. Connie Francis
e. Lesley Gore

BRUISED AND BLEEDING, Hilton Valentine of The Animals holds his head after fans had broken through lines and injured him. Things like this have got to stop.

SAVE OUR STARS

U.S.

TURN THE PAGE

.S. .... S.O.S. ....

If we don't act soon, it may be too late!!!

By Sandi Demming...age 16

EXCITED GIRLS like the one above often get so carried away that they faint when their idols appear on stage. Below it takes four men to try to get a girl off stage at an Animal concert in California.

Handsome faces like Hilton Valentine's won't last long unless we fans wake up! I've said it before and I'm saying it again . . . fan brutality to the stars must stop . . . and now!

Dennis Wilson was knocked unconscious after a performance not long ago. The rest of the **Beach Boys** stood around terrified for over three hours before they discovered whether not **Dennis** would have a concussion. Luckily, he was all right.

Everyone's always saying unkind things about the **Rolling Stones,** but you never hear them complaining about how rough some of the fans treat them. In America during their last tour, screaming girls came at **Keith Richard** with long scissors to try to snip off some of his hair. They just missed putting out his eye.

The Beatles had so many objects hurled at them during their concert in San Francisco that they nearly had to do a jig to keep out of range of these harmful weapons.

Dave Clark laughs off these enthusiastic bursts of energy by the fans, but at the same time, even he is beginning to become concerned. "I think fans should be enthusiastic about the performers they enjoy, but now it seems to be getting more serious. When they come at us with scissors or sharp objects then something just has to be done. Fortunately, I feel it's only a small minority of fans who do this."

In a few cities around the United States, some policemen do everything in their power to avoid working the shifts that protect the stars. They feel sometimes it's almost more dangerous to do this than chasing down a group of criminals. Many law officers have been hurt when the crowds get over-excited and start pushing their way around.

Sonny & Cher have both been cut and bruised by the fans. **Cher** has had her hair pulled out by the handsfull and girls have grabbed at **Sonny's** medals around his neck and have even broken a chain. Many times these items are precious to the stars and fans forget that even celebrities like **Sonny and Cher** care very much about their possessions.

Performances are constantly being stopped when fans run onto the stage. This infuriates the well mannered fans who have paid good money to see the show and it makes the stars feel bad because they want to perform.

All these things are terrible, but none of them is as bad as doing actual physical harm to a star. I even know a girl who once dug her fingernails into a star's arm just so that she could say his blood had been on her. I couldn't believe this, but it really happened.

It's one thing to get wild over a **Beatles** appearance or a **Stone** concert, but we should show these wonderful boys that we truly appreciate them and not try to destroy them.

This month the editors of TiGER BEAT have given me permission to start an organized club for the protection of our faves. I'm calling it **Save Our Stars** and it's founded for the purpose of treating celebrities like human beings and remembering at all times to be courteous and thoughtful so that we can show them our true fondness for them.

Anyone interested in joining me in this fight, please write Save Our Stars, c/o TiGER BEAT, 1800 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles, 90028. If we get enough response, I'll dash out a newsletter with all the plans for the organization. I truly hope we can be the first group to really do something for our stars.

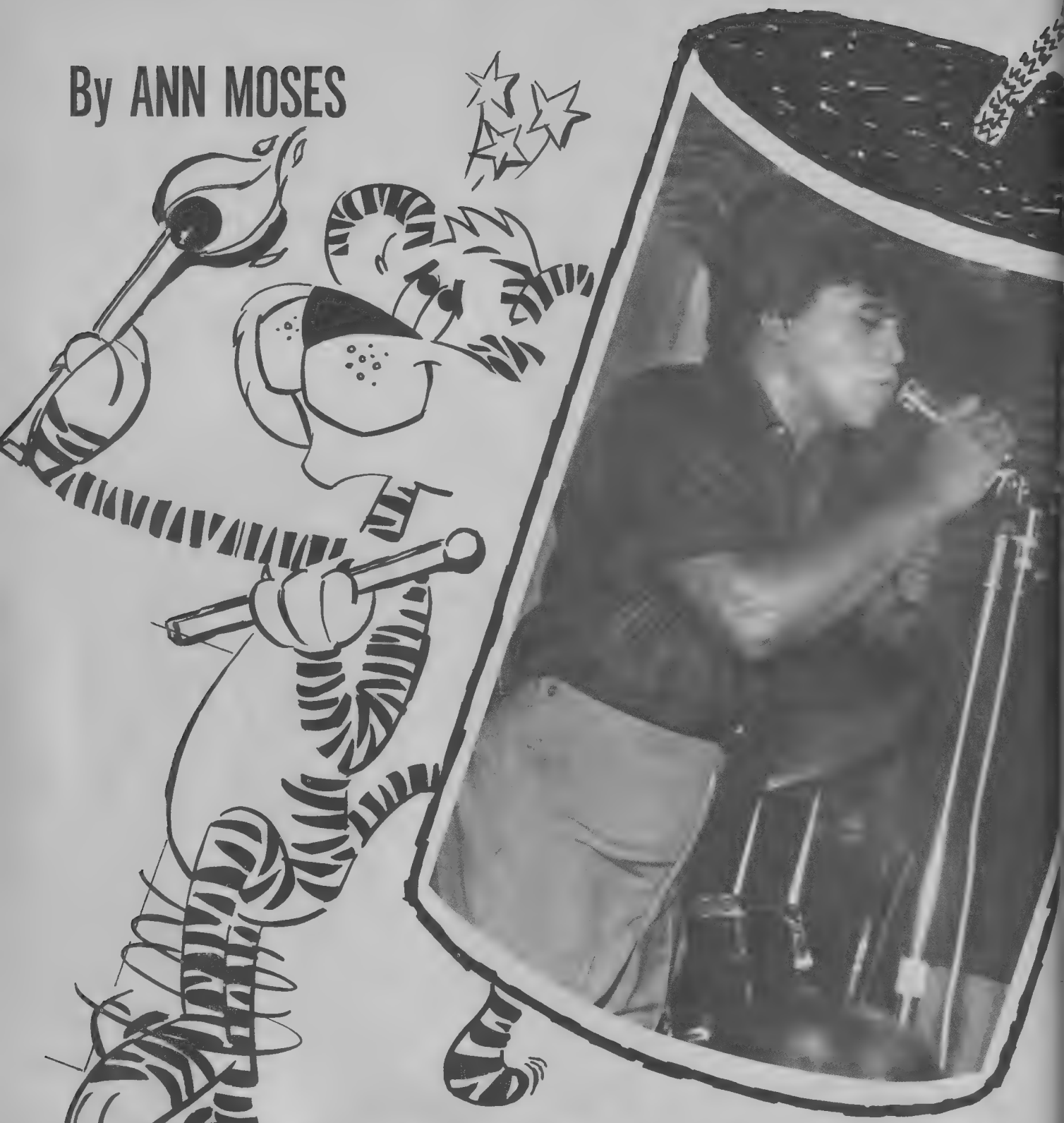
BEATLES are carried to and from concerts in an armored car to protect them from being hurt. Above you see the top of Ringo's head as he gets in the car on his way to Hollywood Bowl last summer. At right is P. J. Proby at his last concert in Los Angeles. Fans became so rowdy at this performance that police made Proby stop his performance. Several girls were hurt, but Proby got out without a scratch. Still he was lucky. Hurting the stars can become a terrible thing. It's up to fans everywhere to stop this occurrence.

STARTLING CHANGE in Ringo can be seen when his nose is altered just a little. Somehow he seems to look younger. Often stars use the gimmick of wearing false noses when they must appear in public places and don't want to be recognized. Ringo, however, could never get away with such a disguise. His hair and eyes and cute expression would always give him away. No Beatle fan could ever be fooled when one of the greats was in view.

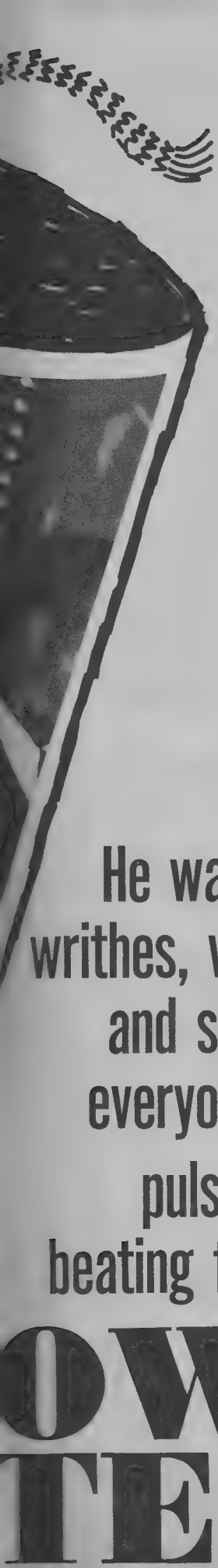
WE LOVE RINGO just as he is...But we thought you might enjoy seeing our boy with a new NOSE! . . . What do you think?

DOES A NOSE really change a person? In Ringo's case he looks different but there still seems to be the unique sparkle that goes along with his personality. Many fans say the thing they love most about Ringo is his nose and wouldn't want him to change it for the world. Others think that he would be even greater with a different nose. Which way do you like him better. We think that Ringo's Ringo and nothing could ever change him for the better. He's perfect already.

By ANN MOSES



JAMES BR
MR. DYNAMI



He wails, writhes, wiggles and sets everyone's pulse beating faster!

BROWN TE

James Brown. Mr. Dynamite. "Is that one person or two?" you ask.

In reality, James Brown and Mr. Dynamite are one and the same. But in essence, there are two faces to this talented performer. One is the powerful, driving, never-to-be-matched Mr. Dynamite. The other is the soft-spoken, sharp-minded gentleman, Mr. Brown. Thousands see and love the one face. But few see the quieter, personal face of the man who refuses to go unnoticed!

Thousands of fans and soon-to-be fans view the public's James Brown in the fantastically popular James Brown Revue. But view is hardly an accurate word, for audiences don't "view" a J.B. Show. They stomp, they stand, they feel!

The reserved-seat tickets have already been sold, but they line up outside the doors early. They've been waiting for weeks and they just can't wait any longer. They're all here — old folks, young folks, black folks and white folks. All have come to see the same attraction, the kid, Mr. "Out of Sight," Mr. "Night Train" . . . James Brown.

It begins like the calm before a storm. The J. B. Band and the Parkettes, six female dancers, begin an evening of "soul" music popularized recently by duos like the Righteous Brothers and groups like the Animals, but attributing its origin to the early Negro Spirituals.

The show goes on. A male singer comes on stage. "Is that James Brown?" a woman asks. "Naaaaw" another answers. An hour has passed and the crowd is getting anxious. Then the band leader begins . . . "Shindig . . . Tami Show . . . King of Rhythm 'n' Blues . . . Mr. Dynamite . . ." You've heard them all. James Brown steps onto the stage.

The excitement, bottled up until this moment, lets loose. Some scream, some stomp, some clap, some just sit and stare. He throws a kiss to the crowd. They respond!

Dressed in a deep brown suit with yellow stripes, a yellow shirt with wide cuffs, cocoa-butter suede boots, he sits down at the organ and is half hidden. They don't care, they know he's there and that's all that matters. "Try Me," "With Every Beat of My Heart," "Night Train" and others played slow on the organ. It talks with the King pressing the keys.

Now he's up and they begin cheering again. The cuff links come off and so does the tie. He throws them into the eager crowd and they scramble to touch or maybe, just maybe to catch a part of what was once James Brown. He's through for now and others take the stage. There's a female singer, then another male vocalist. Next, TV Mama, 275 pounds of shaking momma, singing "All of me, why not take all of me!"

And then it's time. The music swells. You can't hear the name, you can't hear at all. You just look. And there he is. The star. JAMES BROWN. Moving down stage on fast feet, he grabs the mike, singing, all in one gesture. He's sharp again, this time covered with a cranberry suit with bellbottomed pants, matching vest and black patten boots. It's James Brown, the slight . . . short . . . boy . . . with a big head of hair . . . the boy the whole show is built around.

Then suddenly he dips. He can dance! Slithering, sliding, crooning —the beat's behind him and he belts out "Out of Sight," "Pappa's Got a Brand New Bag," and "I Got You," all his own compositions. His body gyrates as if electrically charged. His feet slide every which way as if they were on ice. The crowd is with him now!

James sings a love song, "Prisoner of Love," another self-penned tune. "Love you, I wanna love you" he pleads! He's kneeling now, begging the microphone to let him love. He makes them feel, and they're going wild!

There's been little clapping between numbers. The audience is too anxious. They can't wait to hear the next song. And he brings it. It's the final one in the show, the song that started it all ten years ago, "Please, Please." He's kneeling over the mike once more, begging. The crowd is hysterical and begins to surge toward the stage. There's no holding them back. From the wings one of his boys brings a blue velvet cape, covers his shoulders and leads him from the stage. But he stomps his feet, runs to the mike and cries "please, please!" The boy brings a gold cape and straightens him up. It's no use, he breaks away, he must give them something more! His clothing—he throws them the tie, the links—and the crowd can't stop. They press forward until they touch him! He's through now, he walks from the stage. The crowd is out of control!

But wait! Seconds pass and he's back. He's got to love them. They have to love him. The clothes are new—a black shirt, gold slacks and a gold vest. They're all up now, hundreds rushing forward. His boys begin to lead him off the stage bodily. But he won't go. Not yet! Just a minute more. He's got to give all. He sings the last note and they guide his faltering steps. What a finish! Dynamite. James Brown.

The show is over. But Mr. Dynamite doesn't go backstage. James Brown is back there. Mr. D is a figure that remains on the stage. It's Mr. B backstage and Mr. B in the hotel room where he talks about the ball of fire they call Dynamite.

The other side of James Brown comes out as he sits eating dinner at his hotel, describing his life as a youngster. He talks very slowly and

(Continued on next page)

JAMES BROWN

(Continued)

gestures often emphasizing certain points.

James was born and reared in Augusta, Georgia where he never experienced the feeling of a close family. He says "When I was young, I was so poor my underwear was made out of flower sacks. My clothes were hand-me-downs from distant cousins."

James never mentioned being unhappy in his poverty saying that children are usually happy in their surroundings because they've never seen anything better. Now a trendsetter in men's clothing, James is proud of his wardrobe, which sports close to 500 suits and hundreds of pairs of boots all of which he designed himself.

Dressed sharply in olive pants and a long-sleeve, turtle-neck sweater, he remembers that he has always liked good clothing. "I was never allowed to be a kid. I never got toys for Christmas. My father would give me a new suit and five dollars. No adults had five dollars then, let alone little kids. It made me concentrate on what I was going to do with all the money and how long I could make it last. I spent most of it on highstyle shoes. From the time I was old enough to earn money, I was always one of the best dressed kids in school."

When he graduated from high school, James was faced with a big decision. He was offered three professional baseball contracts. At the same time he had fought three welterweight boxing matches and promoters were eager to keep him in the ring. But there was another thing luring his attention.

He tried out in an amateur talent show in his home town of Augusta (playing the piano), won first prize, and has stayed in music ever since. Unusually, he says "Boxing was my first love and baseball my second, but it just worked out that music was the best thing at my disposal. Anyway, boxing is not as pretty as I once thought it was."

From that time on, the talents of Mr. Brown have grown and matured and today he packs houses at New York's famed Apollo Theater for five shows a day, weeks at a time.

But it was a long road to success, success which is still young. Quietly, rather shy, James discusses the motivation which sparked his entry into show business. "I wanted to show that any man, regardless of race, color or creed can be something if he tries. The Negro has got to realize that the world is no longer against him. It takes a lot of guts. Ten years ago I created a monster and it's turned out to be a good monster. I believe in myself. I believe in James Brown."

Ten years ago when James set out to create that monster, he thought of all the things which were to go into its making. He recounts them as he describes the things which make up Mr. Dynamite. "First, there's my unusual hair style, which has its own little thing going. My shoes and clothes are different. I sing different. I work hard. And above all, I'm a businessman."

Bobby Bennett, who sings first tenor in the Flames, the vocal group that backs up Brown, is James' hairdrseser. Both Bobby and James feel his hair is an important part of his act and spend a good deal of time working on it. Bobby relates "I set James' hair every day, and sometimes twice a day, on magnetic rollers. After it's dry, I backcomb the top, style it and spray it with hairspray. It takes an hour and a half for the whole job." When asked if all the attention to his hair embarrasses James, Bobby says "If you're not a self-conscious person, it's not embarrassing. It takes a self-conscious person to think something is wrong. Hair beautifies a person and adds to their personality. Anything you can produce for the liking of others, well, it just becomes a part of you."

Talking in his soft, coarse voice, James distinguishes between the backstage businessman and the onstage wonder. "In the dressing room, I'm not jolly, screaming and hollering. I'm a businessman. When everything is done and everyone has done their job, then I start laughing and playing." He goes on to describe how he feels while on stage saying "It's the only time I'm completely free. I can ad lib. I think 'here stands a miracle. To go from poverty to this.' I just thank everybody for letting me be the one they chose. One time in Augusta, I played at a theater where I used to shine shoes when I was nine years old. In the middle of the performance, I stopped the show. I told them the story and let them know how thankful I was. Today I'm a star, but more than ever I'm thankful. It makes me think that every man or woman can do what they set out to do. I appreciate everything."

He writes 95 per cent of his material as well as doing all his own arranging and choreography. In the coming years he hopes to touch on every phase of show business. "I like to create things" he says "there's so much left that can be done, I feel that I have just scratched the surface."

There are many years ahead for James Brown, many years of maturing and unleashing talent that has yet to reveal itself. The King of Rhythm 'n' Blues has two faces, Mr. Dynamite and James Brown. But both have an ingredient which binds them—undying determination. It's that determination which is going to keep them united and hailed in the world of show business for many years to come.

AUDIENCE APPEAL is great with Jim. When he performs everyone watching him gets the message. They feel the song he's doing. This is what's great about James.

MAKEUP AND HAIRSTYLES are very important to Jim. He's careful with stage makeup before doing a show and his hair requires almost as much time as his song rehearsals. He has a personal hairdresser who sees to it that Jim's hair is just right at all times.

Round and Round the whirling wax goes and who what climbs the pop charts nobody know

By Duke Lewis

THIS POPSY-TOPSY

The critics sneered when the Beatles declined the invite to perform at the fancy-dancy Royal Charity Ball sponsored by the Queen of England and attended by nobles of the court.

"The Royal Show is no go for us," explained **Paul McCartney.** "It's not our wicket. We'll give a performance later before our own kind of people and donate the proceeds to the royal charities."

Paul, as usual, was positively right. Swinging rockers can die a thousand deaths before a square audience.

It happened to **Sonny and Cher** when they sang for the high society WAIF charity ball at the Hollywood Palladium with **Princess Margaret,** the **Earl of Snowden** and the la-de-da socialities in the audience.

Stony silence greeted the pair when they walked to stage front in their wiggy costumes. The entire auditorium became a deep freeze by the end of their first number. That's when they should have bowed off.

MR. AND MRS. DICK CLARK are deep in conversation with Mark Lindsay while another Raider, Phil Volk, seems to be getting a chuckle out of listening in. Below, Tommy Sands couldn't resist picking up the drum sticks and showing the crowd how to really beat those skins.

FORMER HOLLYWOOD A-GO-GO dancers Mimi Machu and June Wilson have a ball at The Trip. They're dancing to music supplied by the popular Grassroots. Below, a sophisticated Nancy Sinatra draws an admiring look. She's all aglow over the success of her first record.

Instead, determined to break down the hostility, they continued singing several more swingy songs in their casual informal manner.

The most awful thing happened. The so-called polite society audience of ladies dripping in furs and jewels and gentlemen in tuxes and tails, booed—actually booed and hissed—the lovin' **Sonny and Cher** pair off the stage. There's something so fantastically cruel about squares you wouldn't believe.

Disaster also happened to cute little **Sandie Shaw,** English songbird with charmy hits bouncing around the charts, when she opened up her act at London's elegant Savoy Hotel. Although Sandie was a living dream in pink and black, she bombed with the fashionable patrons who dug not her oh-so-carefully groomed look and planned performance. When the management offered to cancel the contract, **Sandie** was relieved.

P. J. Proby flopped at his debut on the swank night club circuit in England though he cooled his frenzied action and wore suit, tie and patent leather dancing pumps.

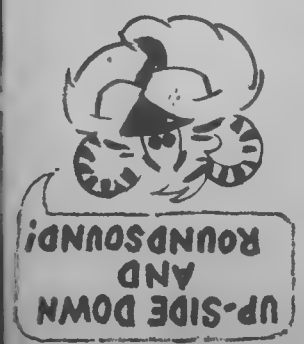
Broke, rejeced and jobless, his British work permit expired, his arm badly mauled by a dog, his spirits lower than a snake's belly, **Proby** faced deportation to the United States.

(Continued on next page)

MUSIC WORLD

NEWEST LOVE MATCH? Jeremy Clyde is back in Hollywood, and he looks happy to be here. He and Jackie, of Jackie and Gayle, are just about inseparable.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS of Shindig, stars would gather in the dressing rooms and compare notes. From left to right: Dennis Wilson, Don Everly, Phil Everly, Brian Wilson, Don Everly and Dave Hull. Bottom right, The Association is one of the best-dressed groups in town.



TOPSY-POPSY

(Continued)

It was blackest just before the dawn. **Tito Burns,** one of the **Rolling Stones'** agents, intervened to get his work permit renewed, his last release, **Maria,** unexplainably climbed to No. 10 spot on the British pop polls and concert promoters again offered him touring contracts.

We understand that **Proby,** having learned the lesson of humility, is now a changed person. He discovered he didn't need all the human leeches who had fastened on him when he was a success. He learned who his true friends were. The happy expression of **Proby's** pan now reflects fickle fortune's renewed smile.

Ex-dancing doll **Carol Shelyne** is out of sight without the huge round specs she had to wear on **Shindig.** She's prettier than you'd guess by seeing her only on that late lamented show. Now she's given up dancing for acting, she tells us, and is being tested for female (what else?) lead on an upcoming TV program. **Carol,** quite the hip hostess, gave a formal wedding reception for her girl friend, **Lorene Yarnell,** and new spouse, agent **John Hartman,** with guests from all sides of show business:

Chad and Jeremy are sweating out the final word on their piloted TV show about two bumbling Englishmen, one a parson, roaming through the old wild and wooly west. Steady-daters **Jeremy Clyde** and **Jackie Miller,** of the **Jackie and Gayle** team, appeared to be sniffing orange blossoms. They are a ducky duo. The two boys, also **Jill Stuart,** have consulted Immigration about becoming U.S. citizens.

Jack Good, who founded Shindig and spawned a rash of TV teen-angled dance-music program, told us he is writing the book for a Broadway musical with a blue beat based on Shakespeare's **Othello.**

The birth of the dance-n'-music TV shows happened exactly ten years ago when a Philadelphia station aired a local video hour called **Dick Clark's American Bandstand** which was such a monster smash that it swept the country from coast to coast like an epidemic. **Dick Clark** had the whole teen world in his hands. Ten years and a zillion shows later the weekly **American Bandstand** is still Very Big on ABC-TV and Dick's **Where The Action Is** is the highest rated daytime program of that network.

Lloyd Thaxton's double-whammy video hop is the champ of all the syndicated shows, having an audience of several million young viewers in 84 cities. **Lloyd's** daily episodes are laugh-grabbers as well as foot-stomping rockers. Top stars who collect $5,000 to $20,000 per concert are eager to play **Lloyd** Thaxton's telegassers for the union minimum of $210 because a personal plug on his airtime is worth a bucket of bread in disks sold.

Among the many music aces beloved by teen-age fans are only six all-teen groups: **Dino, Desi and Billy.** up to 14 years old, the **McCoy's** oldest 18, **Red Roosters,** 15 to 18, **Cindermen,** senior member pushing 18, and the youngest group of all, the **Bantams,** ages 8, 10 and 12—for the 5-year-old audiences, we 'spose. The **Bantams** have already appeared on Hullabaloo and other big shows. They record for the Warner Brothers label. Also for the pre-teeners is an upcoming TV program, **a-Go-Ghouls** which stars four zany dummies, Clyde, Clod, Clutz and Clunk, who just happen to be puppets.

Nothing tickles a press agent more than a big, bright, brassy brag which preferably but not necessarily hugs the truth. Printed space for dud clients isn't easy to get, no matter how hard they beat the publicity tom-toms. Hardly any stars have been created by sheer ballyhoo. Here are typical brags which the praise boys planted with no sweat.

The **Supremes** were the first American all-girl group ever to have six No. 1 single records on the charts. Each one minted them a gold disk. (Gold records actually do play but the sound isn't good.)

Each one of the last seven singles by **Herman and the Hermits** sold a million, a success surpassed only by the **Beatles.**

Sonny and Cher had more hits on the Top Forty tallies at the same time than any other American songsters.

More than 15 million **Beach Boy** albums have been sold during the past three years, making them the biggest recording act in this country. Last year the boys earned five more gold records for $million albums, thereby topping every other American group.

No legit **Beatle** LP ever sold under a million dollars. Two issued by obscure labels with out-dated Beatle material missed the mark and both Capitol Records and **Brian Epstein** are suing for the unauthorized releases.

Elvis Presley, recording for nearly 12 years, can boast of most gold records. He hasn't, however, earned a new gold single or album since 1963.

Sam the Sham and the Pharoah's Wooly Bully was the best-selling singles release of the year, according to a Billboard poll which showed that the disk held the highest rating for the longest time.

Dallas-born **Sammy el Shammy** (real name: **Domingo Samudio)** finally smartened up and barbered off the black face fur that gave him the look of a mixed-up moth-eaten bull moose. Suddenly he's human and beautiful. We hope **Beach Boy Mike Love** does the same with his angled bush that would be better mattress stuffing than facial adornment.

Recording artists don't necessarily have to fall in love with their biggest hits.**Eric Burdon,** for instance, definitely dislikes the **Animals'** smasher, **It's My Life,** which proves that music-men don't always know which is their grooviest material.

Four of the five **Yardbirds** thought **Still I'm Sad** was going to bomb. They couldn't have been wronger for it stayed No. 1 on U. S. charts for several weeks. They still prefer other **Yardbird** songs than that, their biggest hit of all.

Wayne Fontana is grooving again after splitting up his **Mindbenders** group, releasing one flop solo record and having a nervous breakdown.

"The Mindbenders came apart due to personal disagreements," he said. "We were always quarreling, each trying to take the lead, and we were getting nowhere. The swinging musicians I now work with are strictly a backing group. I'll listen to their suggestions but I'll live or die by my own decisions."

Bob Dylan revealed nothing new or deep about himself or his work at his last Hollywood press conference which was a dud through no fault of his own. When he first entered the room at Columbia Records here, we received a quick impression that he wanted to be open and frank with the assembly. The spell was broken with the very first questions, and it became more and more obvious that the interviewers, especially the TV people, knew practically nothing about him and in fact regarded him as some kind of a freak.

Dylan couldn't believe it was happening; the utterly stupid questions about the pain of writing poety and music, drug addiction and sexual freedom among teen-agers, why he visits California, how much money he makes a month, who his friends are, what his mother thinks of his success, what she wanted him to be when he was a little kid, and the measurement of his hair.

"The whole scene involved unanswerable questions followed by questionable answers conducted in an atmosphere of mounting exasperation," wrote **Charles Champlin,** the ace-high entertainment editor of the Los Angeles Times.

Dylan didn't resent the questions so much as their stupidity.

Jots and dots. **The Letterman** performed their 1000th college campus show, a record not equalled by any other group. **Jill Stuart** is crazy about culottes. Asked to sing, **Sidney Poitier** exclaimed, "I couldn't hold a note with a handcuff." **Trini Lopez** who began with a $12 guitar now owns one worth $1200. Keep your earholes unplugged for the sound of the **Paul Butterfield** Blues Band. **Herb Alpert** and his **Tijuana Brass** may do a summer TV series. The **Arena Brass** would be easier to take if they didn't ape the **T. J. Brass** so brazenly.

REALLY ROCKING, the Animals show their stuff at a TV taping. Eric Burdon has shed his coat on the floor, and is busy snapping his fingers to the wild beat.

THE PAIR EXTRAORDINARE, below, are kept busy with TV shows and personal appearances. They're still waiting for a really big disc, which will be soon!

COMING UP FAST is socko entertainer Jackie Wilson. His personal appearances leave the fans shouting for more. Watch this guy move up!

EXCITING JOEY HEATHERTON won a place in the hearts of thousands of American servicemen when she packed her dancing boots and toured Viet Nam.

NEW SOUND and new ideas are represented by this new twosome. Not thinking like others, Simon and Garfunkle have also managed not to sound like others. Their friendship is a close one and they plan to continue writing music together. Neither is too impressed with performing, but fans who see them are.

"I don't like to go on dates because I don't like dating," says Garfunkle.

"Dates are a bad scene," adds Simon. "Most of the people we stay with are 'theatre'. That's about the only thing I can think of when we go out. Otherwise, we're at somebody's place and you sit around and you talk and you play. . . ."

"I was just thinking of going on a date with somebody," said Garfunkle suddenly. "I haven't gone on a date in five years."

"Don't do anything irradical or anything," quips Simon.

These are the voices of Simon and Garfunkle talking. They're really not silent at all and fabulously interesting. It all started when folk singer Paul Simon was visiting in Copenhagen. He casually picked up a copy of Billboard, an international trade magazine, from a magazine stand. He began thumbing through it like he did every week to see what was happening in the music business. He eventually came to the section that lists every country's top songs. After skimming all the lists, his eyes landed on the biggest surprise of his life. "The Sound of Silence" by Simon and Garfunkle was one of the top ten songs in the United States! So began the pop career of folk singers Paul Simon and Art Garfunkle.

"We've known each other since we were about ten," explained Paul, "so really we've been sort of singing on and off over the years. About two years ago we signed up with Columbia and made an LP. One of the songs on the LP was "The Sound of Silence" which was released about a year and a half ago and it took a year and a half to become a hit. I was over in Europe when it happened, living in England. I was in Copenhagen when I knew "Sound of Silence" was a hit. But up until then I had been in London."

Paul is the short member of the duo at 5'5" and does most of the talking. On being introduced to him, the first thing you notice is his supreme intelligence which comes through in everything he says. A graduate of Queen's College in New York with a degree in Literature,

They're brainy . . . off beat . . . as different as their names!

By Michelle Straubing

SIMON AND GARFUNKLE

Paul has written several short stories but "didn't even bother giving any of them for publication because I didn't think they were that good" and has also written every song that they've recorder, including "Sound of Silence."

Art Garfunkle, his real name, is 5'10" and although he is also intelligent, he is quieter than his partner. The first thing you notice about him is his wild blond hair that is comparable to Dylan's or Jim McGuinn's. He is still attending college, Columbia University, aiming for a master's degree in Math.

They have strong opinions on the following:

On marriage: "My career wouldn't have any affect whatsoever on my decision to get married," announced Simon. "Who could care less if it would hinder your career if you're about to get married. But I have no plans on getting married. I have to set too much and do too much before I get married. But I don't care about it hindering the career. The career is not your life."

On stardom: "There's really no such thing as a star," Paul informed me. "I think a hit record doesn't make anybody a star.

"It's one of the weaknesses of kids," added Art. "It's a very bad illness in America."

"It's illusionary that one person is a star," continued Paul. "There are some people who get up to a certain point and become really stars. But even so . . . like if John Lennon was to walk into this room now, I would be interested in talking to him and figuring out what's in his mind. But I wouldn't be interested in him because he's a Beatle. I'd be interested in him because he's proved he's got a heck of a lot on the ball. Therefore he would be interesting in conversation. But if some kid walked in who had a number one record, say just a straight dumb rock record, I don't think we'd have that much in common. So to me that person wouldn't be a star. A hit record doesn't necessarily make a star, talent makes a star. It takes time for a talent to blossom and develop."

Their career: Commented Garfunkle, "I don't like performing and doing shows. The reason I entered show business is because I have a hit record. I thought I'd like to give it a try and make some money. But I really don't like doing shows. I like singing very much. I like recording, but that's from the other side of the mike. I don't like performing because I don't like screaming girls, promotions, and people saying you've got a hit record and all that. It's just not enough sincerity in front of cameras and stuff like that."

"Yeah, I also find this hang-up about performing," added Simon. "I think it's particularly because of the songs that I write. It's sort of

(Continued on page 61)

TV's WHAM BATMAN

Handsome, athletic and way out Burt Ward still can't believe he's Robin. "It's like a dream," he keeps saying. "Here I am 20, and everyone thinks I look 15½. Wow! Am I lucky. Not about looking 15, but getting to play Robin."

Burt, a Los Angeles native, has never played in a movie or TV show before. "Batman" is his first part, but it won't be his last. He's had a life of surprising triumphs and "Batman" won't be his last.

The 125 lb., 5'8" star has light brown hair and blue eyes, and because of his slight build he can look much younger than he is. When Burt was only two he was a top ice skater and from this time on he went from one athletic accomplishment to another.

In 1959 young "Sparky" Ward, a nickname given him by teammates on the Little League Team he pitched for, threw a no-hitter.

The same year while in the eighth grade he won first place in the decathelon in area wide competition. Studious, as well as athletic, Burt was chosen in 1962 to demonstrate his amazing ability to read 30,000 words per minute before teachers at UCLA, and for the American Medical Convention.

Burt owns his own Arabian mare named "Desiree" and he rides as often as he can. In between time he surfs at Malibu or goes hunting and fishing.

Since this is Burt's first TV role, he's always the first to arrive on the set and practically the last to leave. He loves the whole idea of "Batman" including the Batmobile, Bat cage, bat phone and all the other gimmicks.

Off-camera he's become a close friend of Adam West who plays Batman. Adam lives in Malibu and the two spend many hours together off the set when time permits.

Handsome Adam West has been seen on practically every television show running, but now that he's Batman, everyone's beginning to sit up and take notice of him.

Adam's a big 6'2", 186 pounder who has dark brown hair and deep green eyes. He, like Burt, is a natural athlete. The sports today that he enjoys include surfing, skin diving, and racing motorcycles. He lives in a Mediterranean-type villa on the beach near Malibu where he and Burt occasionally get together for some outdoor fun.

Burt and Adam are logical choices for Batman and Robin because both men are top athletes. In fighting the life of crime on TV twice a week, it's necessary that the actors be able to do great feats of daring.

When Adam West speaks it's obvious that he's more than just a handsome athlete. He has a sincere way of making everyone around him feel important. He has expressive eyes that look straight at you when you speak and his sense of humor is fast-paced and intriguing. Some people who know him well insist he's an intellectual and not at all suited for the role of "Batman."

But Adam disagrees. He believes the character of Batman to be a serious one. Though some may find the show 'way-out' or a joke, Adam plays the role straight. After all, Batman is an intelligent person who fights crime and evil. Batman doesn't use mystical powers. He uses strength and intelligence to do his job and this is accomplished very well, indeed, by Adam West.

On the set, Adam and Burt get great kicks out of the guest stars who come on the show and also the gimmicks used to accomplish Batman't feats.

The scripts come so fast and furiously that neither of our heroes has a day off very often. They work constantly, but as Burt says, "This isn't work. It's a real ball. After we finish shooting, I can hardly wait to see how the rushes turn out. We sit there wondering what will happen ...and so far everything's been fine."

At home, Burt admits that every time he sees a phone the word "bat phone" pops into his head and all the crazy other gimmicks that surround him on the set each day.

So far, not too many people have recognized Burt in real life as the part he plays on the show. "I guess this will happen soon," he speculates. "And when it does, I'll love it. I'm proud to play Robin and I hope everyone likes me as well as I like being on 'Batman.' "

ZAP,
BUDDIES

AND ROBIN

THE GROUP

Here's a real collector's item . . . one you'll want to cut out and keep forever. We're kind of dreaming again . . . but wouldn't it be great if there was a Group just like the one pictured here! What a sight . . . what a sound!

Just for fun we tried a little trick by putting these illustrious heads on some new bodies. Hope Sonny & Cher don't think they look too formal. We think everyone looks fab . . . but, of course, they always do anyway!

BELTING OUT A SONG, Mike Smith of the Dave Clark Five gives the fans all he can during recent American tour that has smashed all previous records.

"IT'S FOR YOU" laughs DeeDee as Dick clowns it up.

GOING OVER MUSIC before recording, the Righteous Brothers, Bill Medley and Bob Hatfield are really flipped over the rave notices from their Las Vegas act.

Derek Taylor GROUP

What's in a name when a song called "No Matter What Shape Your Stomach's In" makes the Top Ten? Or when singers called "Simon and Garfunkle" end up at Number One.

Names are obviously irrelevant. It's the sound that counts.

Many sounds are successful as I write. The trumpet and motor horn of "Tijuana Taxi", the gentle ballad sound of **Sinatra** (still in the charts after 25 years), the hard rock of the four **Beatles** and the romantic love-solo of **Paul McCartney** in "Michelle."

Climbing too—the **Kinks** with their brittle, clever knock at British middle-class respectability ("A Well Respected Man") and on the way down the charts after a triumphant two months—the wit and charm of "Flowers on the Wall."

It's impossible for anyone to say which way popular music is moving. Many things are happening. What is clear, however, is that all the barriers are down between different musical forms.

The **Beatles** are singing Bluegrass, Russian work-songs, rock, ballads, near-folk songs. The **Byrds** have been influenced by Indian music—more particularly the Sitar sound of **Ravi Shankar.**

Byrds leader **McGuinn** (with two Number Ones to support his views) says there are five major musical sources all blending in 1966. Classical, folk, rock 'n' roll, blues and jazz.

I agree. And record-buyers are becoming much more aware of the actual **music** in a pop song. This is good because it means poor artists won't be able to get away with so much rubbish.

Despite the death of "Shindig" and the doubts surrounding the future of "Hollywood a GoGo", the British stars and the major American artists continue to flock to Hollywood. I don't get a chance to meet all of them because there aren't enough hours in the day.

But when I can, I ask them to pop into my office for a chat. **Peter Asher** dropped by the other day. Without **Gordon,** who was still sleeping. It was 4 p.m. but **Gordon** had only climbed into bed at dawn. So it's understandable.

Peter told me they were still enjoying life which is always good to hear. In showbusiness it's not surprising to hear the reverse. Many stars, because of the strain of travelling or because of the problems of finding new hits, admit they would like to get out of the industry.

Not **Peter and Gordon.** Said **Peter:** "We're still having a great time. Pop music has been very good to us and now that we're expanding into song-writing and publishing it's even more interesting."

Marianne Faithfull and the talented **Turtles** are among the artists recording P & G songs. **Peter** told

SERIOUS GARY Lewis listening to a fan during a lull at Thaxton show.

JONOTHAN KING, whose hits have been many, is looking for a new song.

WHO IS SHE? Nobody is sure, but it is a Hollywood a Go Go dancer at rehearsal showing the other girls how it's done.

Styles and sounds that keep the BEAT spinning!

SCOOPS!

me: "It's very satisfying to know that other singers appreciate your efforts."

Their publishing company is formed in association with **Dick James,** millionaire **Beatles** publisher whose fortune started to mount way back in 1962 when he first had the courage and initiative to take a chance on **John** and **Paul's** music.

Peter and Gordon like America. "Quite a lot," said **Peter.** "Otherwise we wouldn't come here so often. But there are aspects we don't appreciate . . . .

"Like the racial situation in the South which, though we don't look for trouble, we're forced to face."

It's impossible for an Englishman to understand segregation. It's not a thing we've ever had to cope with at home and, rightly, **Peter Asher** couldn't see why in Alabama it was right for him to share the same stage as the colored **Shirelles,** yet considered wrong to sit at the same lunch-counter.

It doesn't make sense.

John Walker of the **Walker Brothers** was in Hollywood the other day. With his wife Kathy. He is the only married **Walker** and he's relieved that it hasn't damaged the group's fantastic fan-appeal in Britain.

The threesome are probably closest to the **Beatles** on riot level in the United Kingdom. They can't even appear in the comparative calm of a TV studio without causing a scene.

John told me: "It all started very suddenly—in June last year. We'd had a steady career in the States, but soon after we settled in England things started to happen.

"The mobbing became enormous. We've all been knocked unconscious at one time or another. I've had crushed ribs and several times we've had to rush from the stage after one or two numbers.

"My only explanation is that the fans detect something—a little bit of chemistry maybe. And we do our best to let the audience know that we're there on stage just for **them.** For no one else."

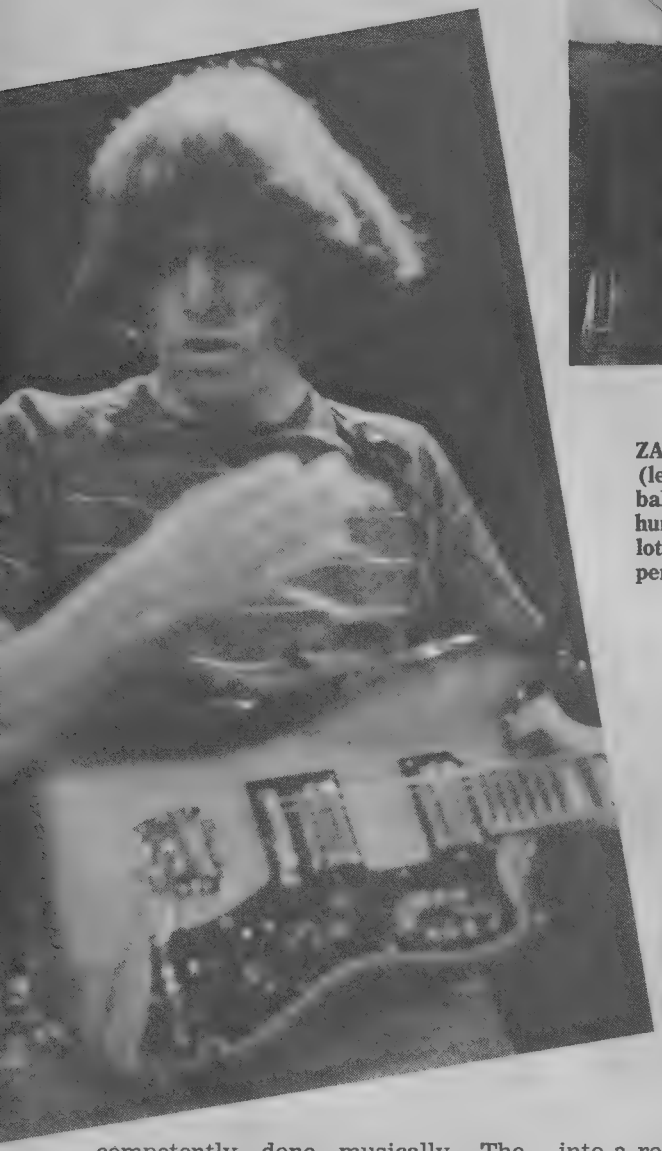
The Walkers—Gary, John, and lead singer **Scott**—born U.S. citizens, are now seeking to take out dual citizenship.

Said **John:** "We want to show our gratitude to Britain without renouncing America. And being citizens of both countries seems to be the answer."

As I've said before, the British hold on the American charts is slackening. Many English groups don't make it over here any more—**Gerry** and **the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, Manfred Mann, Swinging Blue Jeans** and so on—but there are several interesting British newcomers to the American scene.

The Who, for instance. With "My Generation"—a stuttering complaint against poor education and very

(Continued on next page)



THE TURTLES, left to right: Al Nichol, Howard Kaylan, Jim Tucker and Chuck Portz, get some last minute info from Dick Clark at Where the Action Is.

CHAD AND JILL do some harmonizing on recent TV show.

ZAL YANOVSKY, (left) and Cannibal & the Headhunters (right) put lots of action in a performance.

GROUP

competently done musically. The Who are very substantial in Britain (particularly in the London area) and I suspect they'll have a big following here by mid-summer. They were leaders of the 'pop-art' revolution in England last year though they became bored by the association and they don't talk about pop art any more.

Also doing well—at last—are the **Hollies.** They've been around the British charts for four years. But until recently they didn't mean much in America.

The Yardbirds impressed many people in Hollywood when they blew in with their British blues sound a couple of weeks ago. They played at disc jockey **Dave Hull's** Hullababoo Club for four nights and brought in hugh audiences. They also gave a party in a private house when they arrived in the U.S. There were eight-hundred people crowded into a residence built for forty. You can imagine the scene.

All young Hollywood was there—either inside or outside. **Marlon Brando, Sonny and Cher** were among those turned away by a big and uncompromising bouncer.

I hear the **Beatles** are coming back to the U.S. in late August/early September. For two weeks and playing in about eight cities. This time the **Beatles** themselves will pick the dates. Almost certainly they'll include New York, Hollywood, Atlanta, Chicago, one city in Texas (not Houston where their plane was grounded by out-of-control fans climbing on the wings).

Tremendously hot . . . **Paul Revere and the Raiders,** and **Keith Allison,** featured artists on **Dick Clark's** "Where the Action Is" aired daily on ABC-TV.

Keith and the **Raiders** are living, breathing prosperous proof that you don't need a hit record to become famous and popular on the pop scene.

Paul's group has only just had its first Top Ten record yet their fan mail has been higher than most groups for more than a year.

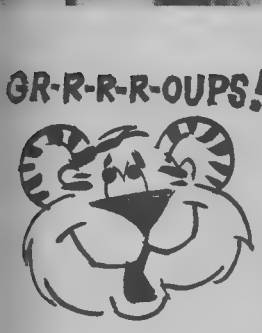
And **Keith** too receives hundreds of letters daily. He is still waiting for a hit. He had one release for Warner Brothers and then asked to be let out of his contract.

Why didn't **Bob Dylan's** "Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window" do better in the charts? It's a strange industry. One month a singer is the talk of America, the next month he is struggling to secure another hit.

It won't worry **Dylan** too much because in albums and in concert he's established enough to keep him in creative work for years ahead.

Barry McGuire did very well out of "Eve of Destruction." It brought him worldwide fame, five movies,

REGULARS AT THE NEW Hullabaloo in Hollywood, the Palace Guard, keep the place packed.



CUTE LITTLE Beverly Bivens catches a ride from another member of the We 5.

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD is just as fab to see as to hear, and that is really saying something.

SCOOPS!

and a lot of money. But he wasn't able to follow up. It's a cruel world!

The Detroit sound is still very powerful. At the moment, Tamla Motown have seven records in the Top 100, including **Stevie Wonder's** excellent "Uptight."

Uptight, by the way, is one of the "in" words. It's very descriptive. It means "strung-up," "irritable," "too involved to see clearly." All of those things.

New to watch . . . the **Paul Butterfield Blues Band** from Chicago who thrilled the young people who throng Hollywood's Sunset Strip when they appeared at The Trip Club.

This six-group (average age 23) are under the same management as **Dylan** and **Peter, Paul and Mary**— and they're going to be very big by the end of the year.

New . . . **Van Dyke Parks,** a 22-year-old who looks 14. He records for MGM—first release "Number Nine", a pop version of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony! **Van Dyke** is very intelligent, and versatile. One year he played organ in a synagogue, the next he switched to a Baptist harmonium.

New . . . **the Offbeats,** one of America's youngest groups. They're from Los Angeles. Two aged 14, two aged 15. They are on the Tower label. First release: "Mary," which they wrote.

New . . . the **Mamas and the Papas.** Not new to showbusiness for all four of this exciting looking group have been in folk or other forms of music for some years. But they're new to Top 40 charts with "California Dreamin' " on the Dunhill label.

All good people.

Watch out for them.

Had a letter from **George Harrison** the other day, enclosing a few British records.

He said: "Hope you liked 'Rubber Soul'. Don't condemn 'Michelle' on first hearing (like so many 'hip' people have here) 'cos it's got something. (**Paul** told me!)"

Which just goes to show how stupid people can be when they get too conscious of what's in and what's out. "Michelle" is simply a beautiful song, regardless of fashions and fads.

It **must** be a good song. About fifty people have recorded it.

Incidentally, **George** didn't like the version of "If I Needed Someone" (which he wrote for the British "Rubber Soul" album) put out in England as a single by the **Hollies.** — That's the penalty of being a song-writer. You can't control what people do to your music.

Personally, I almost always prefer the **Beatles'** versions of their own music.

That's it for now. Stay liberal.

LOVE LETTERS TO THE STARS!

Dear Eric,

I am playing one of your records right now, and I am crying. I just had to write to you and tell you that I have split up with my boyfriend over you.

He knows how much I like the Animals, and you in particular, and he was always teasing me about you. He would say how homely you were and how you couldn't write songs.

Well I took it as long as I could, and today we had a big fight and I gave him back his ring. I'm sorry, either, because I like you better than any boy I will ever know.

From now on, I am going to devote all my time to you. I am going to write to you every chance I get, and I plan to start saving my babysitting money so I can come over to England and meet you. I hope to get to see you at one of your concerts here, but I feel if I am in England we will have more time to get to know each other. I think you will find out that we have a lot in common.

Please wait for me, Eric. Now that I have given up all other boys for you, you must know how important you are to me.

Lovingly,
Christine

Dearest Dino,

You've broken my heart. When I first read about you and Jill Haworth I couldn't belive it. She's too old for you and I am just the right age. Can't you, won't you change your mind?

From the first minute I saw you toss your handsome head with that wavy blond hair, I knew that you were the one for me. It doesn't make any difference to me because you're rich and famous, I'd love you anyway.

Please reconsider about Jill until we've met. I'm coming to Hollywood this summer and once I can talk to you in person, I'm sure you'll change your mind.

I can't really describe how funny I feel every time I think about you, but the feeling's there. I'm not just another one of your silly fans. I love you deeply and want to make up to you for anything bad that ever happened in your life.

Please wait
Love always
Melvina

Dear Brian,

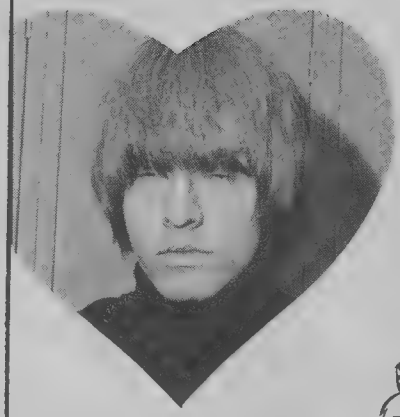
A few nights ago when you gave the performance at the Sports Arena, I was coming home from my father's house. I was listening to the radio and the man kept saying that there were lots of good seats and that there was still plenty of time to get to the Arena. Every time he said that I turned my head to the window and cried, but without any noise because my father just doesn't understand about things like that.

I stay awake at night, thinking about what I would say if I ever met you. I read anything about you or the stores that I can possibly get my hands on. Sometimes I get the greatest feeling thinking that you live beside, eat, sleep and even touch your track.

Before I go could you do me a very small favor? The next time you put out a cigarette, stick the butt in an envelope and send it to me?

Always yours,
Brenda

P.S.



My darling Ringo,

I am writing this letter to you because I know you would love me if you found me so here I am. Just last week I was voted the most popular girl in the school system. All my life I have dreamed of you, and now is my chance to get you (finally)! I am desperate and feel that you should divorce Maureen. I feel that this would be the right move since I am more capable of fulfilling your needs. Please don't think I am stuck-up; it's just my love for you shining through.

Every Saturday I watch your "Beatles" cartoon show. I don't think they are making fun of you like some people. I feel if we were married I could be a valuable addition to the show. I went to your performance in Seattle and when you glanced roughly in my direction I knew you were staring at me with longing eyes. Don't you remember?

All my deepest love and greatest affection,
Willa

Every day, here at Lloyd Thaxton's TiGER BEAT, we receive some of the wildest mail imaginable. Many kids in desperation try to reach their favorite stars by sending the mail into our office. Due to the fact that most of these top celebs are already deluged with letters, we've held on to some of the really "way-out" messages.

Maybe in this manner some of the stars can see how lots of their fans really feel about them.

HERMAN ... IN ONE WORD MODEST

You've heard all the adjectives reporters have used to describe Herman—dreamy, innocent, charming, sparkling, natural, courteous, wild, zany—all quite accuarte. You'd think under so much praise that he would soon grow egotistical and inevitably think of no one but himself. But one adjective has not been mentioned, which should be at the top of the list. That adjective—modest.

Talking personally with Herman, it was a real challenge to get the cute singer to talk about himself. He couldn't resist recounting the tales of his many thrills experienced in his short life as a star. He described his most embarrassing situation saying:

"I was shopping in a clothing store here in the States. I mistook Roger Miller for a salesman. All the time I spent in the shop I didn't recognize him. To make things worse, he was putting me on, showing me the different clothes. Was my face red when I found out!"

The Hermits stay in Hollywood was a grand one. As he began to tell about a few of their escapades, a guard interrupted to question him about two girls asking for Lek. "Tell them we're sorry, but Lek's gone out for the evening." He explained "At first we let everybody in. Sometimes there were 40 or 50 people here at one time. But it got out of hand. They began stealing crazy things.

"Someone took one volume out of a Stevenson collection, so the whole set was ruined — and they aren't even our books. Others would go into our bedrooms and take shoes and things lying about. So we had to stop it all together and hire security guards for the gate."

Typically, the top-secret phone number didn't remain a secret long and the good-natured blond boy couldn't resist answering the persistently ringing phones. (There were two in each bedroom, three in the living room, two in the kitchen, and one in each bathroom!). "Hollywood Mortuary, may I help you?" he'd joke. "No, Herman isn't here, this is their manager Charlie," was another recurring response. "Sing to me!" one young lady demanded from the other end, to which Herman called back "Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie."

World headlines told of the meeting of Elvis and the Beatles, but it was Herman (and Hermit, Barry Whitwham) who first met the King in Hawaii where El was shooting "Hawaiian Paradise" last August. Herman became elated telling of his thrilling meeting. "I had always wanted to meet Elvis and I was absolutely thrilled at the prospect."

He went on "But when we eventually met, I didn't feel at all excited. He looks EXACTLY like he appears on films and was perfectly natural, apart from the fact that he was wearing film make-up.

(Continued on page 44)

NOT A SHOWOFF, Herman is often quieter than the other Hermits. He never rehearses his movements at a live performance before going on. He simply gets up in front of a crowd and lets himself go. In 1965 he was the most popular record seller in the United States.

HERMAN Continued

"He is about the same height as I am, possibly an inch or two taller, and he was wearing the type of clothes that Tom Jones usually wears. He's got a very broad Tennessee accent, and his favorite expressions are 'Why, sure!' and 'Yes, sir.'"

It came as quite a surprise to find that Herman didn't consider their first record ("I'm Into Something Good") reaching number one in four weeks his most memorable experience. "Seeing my baby sister when she was only two hours old" was his quick and excited reply to that question.

As he acted out excerpts from the scenes in the British musical "Passion Flower Hotel" starring Jeremy Clyde, Herman described the story. "There is a boys' school and a girls' school. The boys find an old barn and name it the Passion Hotel—the place where they will meet the girls. The girls are afraid to come, so the boys rename it Passion Flower Hotel. They meet, but never really get together, because they are all too shy. Jeremy does a great job, the music is just fantastic!"

He had been talking for hours—about Elvis, Jeremy, Roger, Suzanne—everyone but Herman. After some coaxing, he related one of the funnier incidents which greeted him during his Hollywood "holiday." "I was riding on my motorbike. I was going pretty fast—about 35 in a 25 mile zone. A police car had been following me for a long time. But when he started his siren I thought he was after someone else. I had no idea it was a law to pull over and stop when you hear a police siren. Suddenly he whipped past me and cut me off. I didn't know what might happen—I didn't even have a driver's license!

"The policeman came at me and growled 'Got any pictures on ya?' What a relief! We drove back to the house and got some for his daughter."

Finally on the topic which had been intended, Herman said he had no desire to return to school. Just 18 and with five years of music theory courses behind him, he felt "I learn more by traveling around the world. You can read about Turkey in a book, but you don't know what it's like until you've been there."

Herman was extremely proud of his deep tan and was eager to compare colors with the Southern Californians present. "I'd love to spend six months of the year in Hollywood and six months in England" he said.

Don't know if that will come true, but we bet everyone would love having such a modest, down-to-earth young entertainer in America six months out of the year. Everyone except the **British** fans, maybe!

THE KNICKERBOCKERS!

From outside the tiny Hollywood a Go Go set could be heard the sound of "Lies" by the Knickerbockers. It sounded somewhat like the Beatles, so it wasn't too hard to assume they would look like them, or maybe more like their imitators with long hair, wide-whale corduroy pants, suede boots, even puffy-sleeved shirts.

What a shock upon entering the set to see four boys with short locks, white shirts and dark ties covered by black suits! Was this the British-sounding Knickerbockers? You bet it was!

They're telling no lies about how they came to look that way. Jimmy Walker, the 24-year old drummer for the group, said "When we first came to California, we grew our hair long. But we began looking like shaggy dogs. We realized, too, that so many groups looked alike, we didn't want to merely conform. You can't say we're from the 'old school' but we've always been impressed with neatness and a class act and this is the image we would like to project."

In between rehearsal calls, the group's leader, 22-year-old Buddy Randell, had a chance to explain how the group got together originally. "In the beginning, I had my own group with Beau and Johnny Charles (now lead and bass guitarists in the Knicks). Then, our drummer quit and Jimmy joined us. We just didn't have any ideas for names for the group, so my dad suggested Knickerbockers because my family lived on Knickerbocker street, and we've never changed it. We began playing various clubs in New Jersey but met unreceptive audiences."

Jimmy, who was listening to Buddy's story, interrupted "New Jersey is the hardest place to play of anywhere. It's just not strong enough back East. Hollywood is the mecca of the entertainment business. You could have the greastest act in the business and no one would even notice you in New Jersey."

Buddy continued "We went to Albany, where Jerry Fuller saw our act and really flipped. He immediately signed us with his record company (Challenge). When Glen Campbell and Willy Nelson saw us, they got together with Jerry and arranged a stand for us at the Red Velvet, where we have been playing for five months."

The Red Velvet is one of Hollywood's plushest supper clubs and is noted as the "place where the stars dine." They come to dine, but more to hear and groove to the Knickerbocker's great sound.

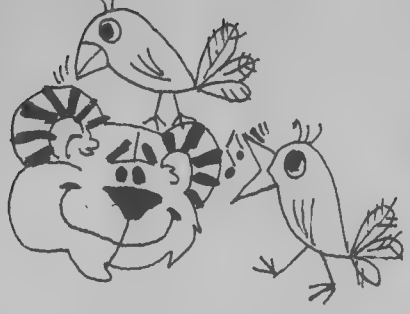
If you close your eyes, first you hear "Surfer Girl" by the Beach Boys. Next, "It's Not Unusual" by Tom Jones. This is followed by "Let's Hang On" by the Four Seasons. Then, "Help!" by the Beatles and "Glad All Over" by the DC5. If you think all these groups are crammed onto one stage, open your eyes. All these very versatile sounds come from the Knickerbockers. They present near-perfect imitations of all the major recording artists.

In good form, they can mimic the Righteous Brothers, the Zombies, Len Berry, the Supremes, Sonny and Cher and many, many more. All these sounds are made possible by the fact that all four boys sing lead. But this poised group does not stop with imitations. They put across their own tunes with a sound that reverberates throughout the club. They even have a song to introduce the intermission!

It's no wonder that the Righteous Brothers, Roy Head, Tom Jones, the Beach Boys, Glen Campbell and a host of disc jockeys have told the Knickerbockers they are one of the greatest acts they've ever seen.

When "Lies" was first released in the Hollywood area, the town buzzed with the same revelation "The new Beatles' song, 'Lies,' is the best yet!" But before long, everyone was finding out it was not the Beatles, but a group called the

(Continued on page 60)



YARD BIRDS

FIVE FAB GUYS who form the Yardbirds are seen below from left to right: Paul Samwell-Smith, Chris Dreja, Jim McCarty, Keith Relf, and Jeff Beck. All took Hollywood by storm during their last all-too-brief visit.

Every time they come to town hearts are broken. These Yardbirds are different from the other groups. They reach out for their fans with real love as they sing. Girls get their message and it stays long after the British boys go home.

In Hollywood months before the Yardbirds are to visit, the excitement starts building. Where they've been before, they have friends. These friends, whether they be business associates or fans, love the Yardbirds. They're different because they're such real people. Meeting them for the first time, you'd never suspect that they were so famous. Their pride is kept hidden. They remember all the little, important things about everyone they meet.

One girl who met them many months ago in Hollywood tells this story: "I guess you could call me a group follower. I'm 15 and I love almost all the groups. Living close to Hollywood I made it my business to try to get to meet as many of the visiting groups from England as I could. When I got an opportunity to meet the Yardbirds I can't tell you how thrilled I was. Each one of these boys is different. They're very English and because they haven't had many hit records, they're very modest. I mean you can talk to each one of them and they're natural. I just fell in love with them when I met them. I know every other girl would too if she got a chance to meet them."

Chris Dreja is the only married member of the Yardbirds and he's quite happy with life. The others all are foot-loose and fancy-free and love to date their fans.

Their lives have changed a great deal since the early days when they used to meet in various pubs around the Kingston-Richmond area of South London. In those days they were just a group of musicians without a name.

As Keith Relf tells it, "I discovered the word yardbird meant tramp or hobo. It was applicable to us at the time because we were pretty low down. We had no money and things weren't too good.

"Since we were all in the same boat we decided to pool our bad luck and see what would happen. This we did!"

The Yardbirds were formed and consisted of Paul Samwell-Smith, Chris Dreja, Jeff Beck, Jim McCarty and Keith Relf.

Paul, or Sam, as the other members call him, is the tallest at 6'½" and weighs 135 pounds. He has blue-green eyes, brown hair, and plays the rhythm guitar. He describes the highlights of his wardrobe as consisting of the unusal item of black underpants. He's both frightened and angered by unintelligence and claims to be intolerant of many things. As for girls, he likes them to be gentle and have poetic movements and hates their talking, giggling, and doesn't like to see a girl drive a car. He loves to sleep late in the morning and wants to drive a Ferrari forever.

Chris plays the bass, is 6' tall and weighs 161 pounds. He has fair hair and blue eyes and believes that some people have certain mystic powers. He hates stupidity in other people and dotes on reliable friends and girls who bubble with personality. He's easy to please in the food department, loving any type of food that is prepared correctly. As a person Chris is difficult to get to know intimately, but is warm and outgoing once he accepts a new friend. Politics and the world situation sometimes frightens Chris as he feels this is such an important area.

Jeff is the lead guitarist who creates all the wild sounds on their records, and when given the chance to be alone, likes nothing better than strumming his guitar. Jeff, who measures 5'10½" and weighs 150 pounds, is sometimes referred to as Mick Jagger because of the slight resemblance. He describes himself as being a terribly bad-tempered lout and very superstitious. He loves Indian, Italian, and American food, but doesn't like flying. Jeff's the newest member of the group. He recently replaced Eric Clapton, who is

(Continued on page 63)

SONNY • CHER

Tired and discouraged, the much-in-love couple sat staring at each other. They didn't speak. They didn't have to. Sonny and Cher knew that things were not so bright.

For months they had been the toast of the recording world. Their fans numbered into the millions and they had more hit records on the charts at one time than any other recording stars. Now everything had changed.

No records were on the charts. Ugly stories about their personal lives were hitting the magazines and they had actually been booed at a recent live performance. Only the night before, their ringside table was taken away from them at a Hollywood party because "people in charge felt their clothes were out of line."

Suddenly their fan mail wasn't quite so heavy . . . and even their closest business associates seemed concerned. Everything had changed . . . except one thing . . . and this to Sonny and Cher was the most important.

They were still in love . . . very much in love . . . and no matter what happened this couldn't be taken from them.

Success in show business sometimes comes too fast. For Sonny and Cher this wasn't exactly true, but when fame came, it did come in bigger packages than they expected. They found themselves in a world filled with love, fans, and many demands put upon them as people.

Though their main job is singing, it became harder and harder to get time to make recordings what with everyone wanting interviews and autographs and photo sessions and various other responsibilities. They both raced from one country to another, from one state to another, and from one show to another. Late into the night they recorded and rehearsed. The money poured in and they had to move to an elaborate new house. Cher had to spend five times more hours on her wardrobe fittings than in the past, because it was obvious that she couldn't appear in the same outfits over and over.

A clothing manufacturer insisted that Sonny and Cher come out with their own line of clothes and there wasn't time to discuss this. Motion picture producers all over Hollywood wanted to sign them for a film and a constant barrage of crank phone calls and people trying to get into their house bugged them.

It was fun at first. "The most wonderful time of my life," Cher insists, "because while all that was happening we still could spend all our time together."

But the problems were beginning. Sonny was overworked and his health grew weak. Cher fought off many battles with colds and a sore throat. In short they were exhausted. Their fans demanded more of Sonny and Cher than they could put forth. Everyone demanded more and more and Sonny and Cher gave.

It seemed too good to be true. It couldn't last. And it didn't.

With fame comes jealousy. Certain people can't stand to see others make it big and there were people like this in Hollywood. Some began spreading stories to hurt the singers' reputations. Not only did these stories hurt professionally, but personally Sonny and Cher were very unhappy.

During this time, the team was upset and they couldn't find another good recording. They looked and hoped but nothing turned up. Sonny realized that he couldn't make a mistake . . . not now. So he waited. He waited until WHAT NOW MY LOVE came along. Backed with I LOOK FOR YOU the record was released to cheers by the critics.

After some false starts, their movie I GOT YOU BABE began shooting. Cher was frightened about stepping in front of a movie camera, but Sonny believes she'll be great.

They opened their Sonny and Cher designs which will allow people all over the world to wear clothes inspired by their favorites.

Sonny is looking forward to a fabulous year in spite of some of the early setbacks. "Cher and I both know that it isn't easy to please everyone," he smiles. "We want to sing for our fans and sing the kinds of songs they want to hear and that we believe in. We both realize that we've been very fortunate to have so much success this past year and we want to do everything we can to keep on top.

"But we also realize that every record we make can't hit the top and that every show we do can't be our greatest. We try our best at everything we do and we'll continue to do so.

"I don't understand why anyone really should want to hurt us personally, but perhaps this happens to people who are in the public eye. I hope this isn't true. I know none of our fans want to hurt us. They've stood by us through our ups and downs and we love them for it."

For anyone who's watching this famous couple closely, it's easy to see that they're not shaken by a show business career. They'll take the good along with the bad . . . always loving each other, their work, and their fans.

BATTLIN' BACK

WHY they want to meet ELVIS

THE BEATLES, STONES AND DC5 ARE AMONG HIS GREATEST FANS!

Almost as guarded as the names of the Oscar winners before show time was the secret meeting of Elvis Presley and the Beatles. It had been hoped for for over a year . . . ever since the first summer when the fab stars couldn't get together. It came off perfectly, but unfortunately no photographer could get close enough to shoot good photos.

"The King" as **Elvis** is known all over show business, has gained more respect from his fellow performers than any other star in recent years. He means many things to many people.

John Lennon wanted to meet **Presley** because, "I feel that **Elvis** changed the whole course of the music business. Without his acceptance, the public wouldn't have been ready when other performers came along."

Ringo: "He's a legend in his own time and a fine person."

Two years ago, beauteous actress **Ann-Margret** sneered at having to appear in a film with him. Then, after the initial meeting, she changed her tune, but good. The two were a steady twosome for over a year.

When their romance ended, she smiled sweetly and told the press, "He's a gentleman all the way."

Though **Presley** isn't easy to get to, he is always ready and willing to meet those in his field who show an interest in him. The most amazing thing about **El** is that he can't understand why people are interested in meeting him face to face. "I don't have much to say," he admits, "and I'm not a wit like the **Beatles.** It's very gratifying to me that wonderful entertainers like the **Beatles** want to spend time with me."

Hardbitten columnists like **Hedda Hopper** fall under **Elvis'** spell the minute he enters the room. **Miss Hopper** claims, **"Elvis** is well mannered and unaffected. He always says 'Sir' and 'Mam.' "

One reason everyone is anxious to meet **Presley** face to face is the fact that no one really knows him, unless it's **Col. Parker. Elvis'** private life can't be smeared all over the magazines because no one is allowed to interview him. Only close friends are invited to his home and they don't write magazine stories.

Girls want to meet **Elvis** because they want to know if he's as handsome in the flesh as he is on the screen. The answer to this is YES. They also want to know if he's shy with girls. The answer to this is NO. **Presley** isn't a girl chaser, but when he meets a bird he likes, she knows it right away.

English stars who come to the states for only a short visit want desperately to meet **Elvis** because he was 'first.' He preceded the **Beatles** and he works as hard as they on improving his style, sound, and performing techniques. Professional groups realize 'that **Elvis Presley,** the, star is not a publicity gimmick. He's a real man who works hard at his trade. He wants to improve and make his music better and better. He's a true professional.

Some fans feel that **Elvis** is getting too old to be an idol, but these are few and far between. If anything, **El's** voice is better today than it was eight years ago and he doesn't look a day older.

The word of mouth spread from the **Beatles** to the **DC5** to the **Stones** and to all other important men in today's music business. "Once you've met **Elvis,** you've met the best. He's a king in every sense of the word. A prince of a guy!"

THE MYSTERIOUS SPELL OF JOAN BAEZ

When the thin, quiet brunette walked into the room . . . John Lennon stopped what he was saying. He looked at her intently. She wasn't the most beautiful girl in the world, but there was a quality about her that couldn't be denied. Her eyes sent out a story that a person like John could understand. She was Joan Baez.

Unlike others in the music business this serious-minded, off-beat girl cannot be classified as a 'hippie.' If she were still in school, she'd never be described as one of the 'in-group.' But she's got something . . . something more than talent . . . something that makes stars like **Donovan, Dylan** and **John Lennon** turn away from more famous people just to be near **Baez** awhile and find out what's going on in her mind.

Along with the protest songs of **P. F. Sloan, Barry McGuire, Dylan,** and **Donovan, Joan** stands alone as the most important girl singer in the folk song field. Her concerts bring people from hundreds of miles to hear this unusual girl sing her heart out.

She has enemies . . . this girl with the sadness in her voice. Her views are not popular ones. She's against the war in South Vietnam and she doesn't stop there. She sings about it and even has opened a school in Northern California to train young people in the art of living in a world without war.

She refuses to pay a portion of her income tax each year because she doesn't want to contribute to the buying of weapons to kill. She's dedicated to what she believes and right or wrong she stands fast.

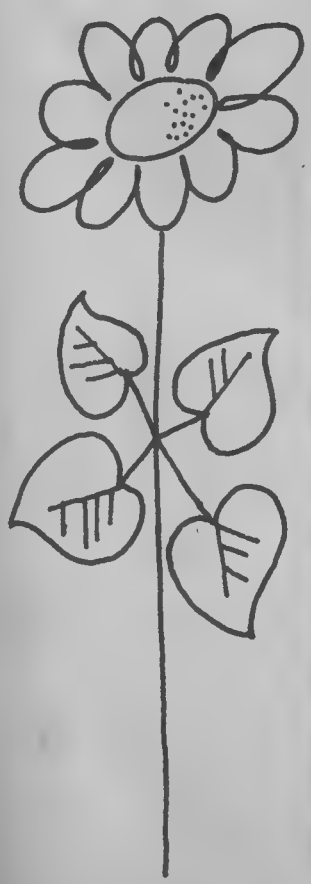
The stars in the record business who respect her are many. The **Beatles** and **Dylan** think her work as an artist in song is unsurpassed. **Joan** sings only what she believes and now she's suddenly reaching the ears and hearts of a younger audience than ever before.

Since she's not a "sexy' type, there can be only other qualities that draw famous people to her. Her mind is quick and searching. She wants to be with people whom she respects and can talk to. This is one reason her meeting with **John Lennon** in Hollywood last summer was a success. They hit a spark intellectually. She could comment on things that **John** likes to talk about whereas most girls wouldn't have the least idea what to say. When she talks to someone about something that interests her, she becomes beautiful . . . nearly the most beautiful girl in the room.

Home to **Joan Baez** is the beautiful Northern California area of Big Sur. If you saw the film "The Sandpiper" with **Elizabeth Taylor,** you may recall what gorgeous surroundings this girl enjoys. Here in the mountains she gathers together with friends to talk and think about the things in the world that need changing and the things in the world that are important. If you wish, **Joan** could be classified as a 'beatnik.' But she's really not. No label can describe her. She's looking very hard for something and as she searches, others are learning along with her.

Unlike other girls her age, she isn't interested in material things like furs and jewelry. She loves exploring the outdoors and taking fast, long rides along the beach highways. Her mind is always filled to overflowing and this comes out in song and conversation.

She's an important part of the music world as those within it realize.



GUYS GALS GROUPS

...here are the 'boss' people behind the sounds that are happening!...!

The Young Rascals

The Young Rascals were organized in January of 1965 when organist Felix Cavaliere, then with the rock group Sandu Scott and Her Scotties, decided to form his own group. He convinced drummer Dino Danelli, also with Sandu Scott, to join him. He selected his other two members, guitarist Gene Cornish and percussionist Eddie Brigate, from the Joey Dee Band, a group with whom Cavaliere had played before joining Sandu. Eddie, at 18 years of age, the youngest member of the group, was appointed the lead singer and is from New Jersey as is 20-year- old Dino. The other two, Felix, 21, and Gene, 20, are from New York. They are as well known on the East Coast for their New York sound as they are for their eye-catching costume: knickers, Lord Fauntleroy shirts, and peaked caps.

Bobby Goldsboro

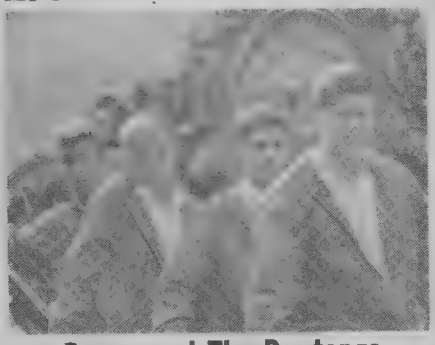
Bobby was born January 15, 1941, in Maryanna, Florida. He attended Auburn University for two years before succombing to his one and only love, music. After a brief period of free lance work, he joined Roy Orbison as guitar player in 1962 and learned a great deal from him. He left two years later when his friend got him an exclusive contract. In the same year, 1964, Bobby married his high school sweetheart, Mary Alice. Both of them love to swim and both are baseball "nuts" of the highest order. As a matter of fact, when he signed his recording contract, Bobby insisted on the stipulation that he would not have to record while the World Series was being played.

Hedgehoppers Anonymous

"The Trendsetters," as this group was originally called, was formed in November, 1963, at R.A.F. Wittering in Sussex. Since they were all training on V-bombers, which are known as "hedgehoppers," it was not long before their present name was coined for them. At one of their performances, Jonathan King, the musical "Jack-of-all trades," happened to be among the audience. Jonathan, who was looking for a group to record, was impressed with their talents and they recorded two songs which Jonathan wrote for them including "It's Good News Week." The group consists of 25 year old lead singer, Mark Tinsley; 5'10½"; who likes honest people and fishing and dislikes mornings after the nights before; John Stewart on lead guitar, 24, 5'11", who lists himself, money, and wine, women and song as his likes and big headed pop singers as one of his dislikes; 20 year old Alan Laud, 5'9" on guitar likes cars, painting, money and fun; and dislikes factories; Ray Honeyball, 24, bass guitar, 5'7½", likes money and football and dislikes coal mines; and Leslie Dash on drums and guitar, 21, 5'6½", who likes money and motorcycling and dislikes nothing.

Dionne Warwick

Dionne has studied music since the age of 6, coming from a family of Gospel singers. She did a great deal of singing in choirs for different organizations. Then to schools in East Orange, New Jersey and from there to the Hart College of Music of the University of Hartford, in Conn. In time she became an accomplished singer and pianist, playing and singing in church every Sunday, and her talent for music flourished and grew. Her next step forward took Dionne to the recording studios in New York, where she sang in the background chorus on many recording sessions. Her unique song styling attracted two of the top song writers and record producers, Burt Bacharach and Hal David, who brought her to the attention of Scepter Records, which was followed by her first hit record, "Don't Make Me Over."



Ronny and The Daytonas

Ronny Dayton, leader of the group, was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma on April 26, 1946. By the time Ronny was 11 years old, his family had settled in Nashville. Ronny began taking guitar lessons at the age of 8 and in his early teens entered local talent shows. As a result of the successful outcomes of these shows, Ronny decided to pursue a career in music and formed his own group consisting of close musical friends. They are Lynn Williams, 17, on drums, Johnny Johnson, 18, on guitar, and Van Evins, 18, on bass. All four boys are avid fans of surfing and hot-rod music, which led them to their first hit record, "G.T.O."

David and Jonathan

David and Jonathan are two more songwriters who have jumped on the bandwagon and switched to singing with their first recording of the Beatle's song, "Michelle." They have written hit songs for The Fortunes (You've Got Your Troubles"), Petula Clark, The Fourmost, and Freddie and The Dreamers. They were both born in Bristol, England and consider themselves first as singers and second as writers. David, born on August 23, 1942, is 5'8", 160 pounds with blonde hair and blue eyes. He left school at 15 to become a salesman and play semi-pro football for Bristol City in his spare time. He and a few other co-workers formed a vocal group called The Kestrals and it wasn't long before David gave up his job to become a full time singer. Jonathan, born on August 19, 1940, is 6'2", 171 lbs., with black hair and brown eyes. He also left school at 15 to work for a shoe manufacturer and a few months later he went on to work as a building apprentice. Two years later he gave up the building field to sing with various groups. They met each other in early 1965 and formed the act that was soon to become one of the most promising English duos since Peter and Gordon.

The Kinks

The Kinks, Ray Davies, Dave Davies, Mick Avory and Pete Quaife, began their careers in Muswell Hill, London. They originally got together with the idea of making money to help with their studies at the Croydon School of Art. Their unconventional clothes, capes with way-out leather accessories which they designed themselves, made them well-known figures in Muswell Hill. Ray, the leader, plays rhythm guitar, harmonica and sings. He dislikes snobs intensely and thinks sleeping is a great pastime. His professional ambition is to play the harmonica as well as Sonny Boy Williamson and his personal ambition to meet him. His hobbies include all sports and art. Dave, whose musical tastes range from Chuck Berry to Bach, is lead guitarist and sings. His hobbies are designing clothes and listening to church organ music. He loves "kinky" clothes, and like his brother, loves sleeping and dislikes snobs. Peter, singer and bass guitarist, lists Ella Fitzgerald and Barbra Streisand as his favorite singers. He likes way-out clothes and his professional ambition is to be respected by fellow musicians. His personal ambition is to be happy and live it up. Mick, whose main hobby is reading and listening to Beethoven, is the group's drummer. Chuck Berry and Muddy Waters come high on his list of favorite artists, but top is Shelley Manne. His professional ambition is to play drums well and his personal ambition is to meet Shelley Manne.

T-Bones

The T-Bones, named after a Liberty Record producer's passion for this particular cut of beef, obtained their hit song, "No Matter What Shape," from the Alka Seltzer commercial. Because of their success with this commercial theme, the T-Bones have just completed an album featuring the original hit along with other unusual TV commercial themes. The group consists of 23 year old Judal Hamilton on rhythm guitar from Wenatchee, Washington, a former member of The Markettes. His 21 year old brother Danny who plays lead guitar for the group was also a member of The Markettes and has written such songs as "Diamond Head." Twenty-four year old Gene Pello on drums, hails from Westchester County, New York. His most exciting thrill was his appearances with Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich when he was a child. Richard Torres, 23 year old organist from Los Angeles, is also one of the best clarinet-sax men around. In 1963 he was named "Most Outstanding Soloist of The Year" in the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, held at The Lighthouse at Hermosa Beach. A year earlier he was named "Most Outstanding Soloist in the Hollywood Bowl's Battle of Bands. George Dee, 23, on bass guitar, was born in Brooklyn and formerly had his own group called Georgie Dee and The Exceptionals.

The Vogues

It only took seven years and eleven records for Hugh Geyer, Donald Miller, Charles Blasko, and Bill Burkette, better known as The Vogues, to become just that—known. The boys met at Turtle Creek High in Pennsylvania, where they found they all liked to sing. Hugh, 23, 5'8", who describes himself as a practical joker, enjoys all sports and like the rest of the group, will go fishing at the drop of a hat. His fondest wish is to be successful and make many new friends. Don, 24, 5'8", was active in the Student Council and is the quiestest of the group. His fondest wish is to be successful in show business and he loves any type of good clean fun. Chuck, who collects guns, is 23, 5'7" and is the most talkative and best dancer of the group. His favorite star and the person he'd most like to meet is Frank Sinatra. Bill, 23, is the tallest at 6'2" and the most articulate. He was president of his class three years running and played quarterback on his high school football team. His fondest wish is to make a movie and continue recording. He describes himself as being considerate and understanding and he hopes other people feel the same way.

Barry Young

Barry was once a boxer and emerged an Ohio state golden gloves winner. However, the urge to sing was too strong, and Barry was soon playing a few clubs in New York and then off to Hollywood for a screen test. Although nothing came of this test, he was soon signed by another studio as a stand-in and double for Rock Hudson. "One Has My Name" is the first single release for the blue eyed and brown haired singer. His plans for the future include more nightclub appearances, TV work and his first movie role.

(Continued on page 61)

LONELY PEOPLE LOVE HIM

Mothers and fathers everywhere go for Bobby Vinton. and this sometimes worries the bright-eyed singer because, "I hope the young people like me, too!"

CLEAN-CUT and SWINGIN', Bobby keeps his fans buying records and coming to his personal appearances from coast to coast.

The young girl stood close to her idol and held out her autograph book. Smiling, the tall, sandy-haired singer took the pencil and began writing. When he was through, Bobby Vinton handed the book back to his fan and she thanked him adoringly, "Gee, Bobby," she murmured. "If only you were British, you'd be just the most!"

Without long hair or a British look, most singers don't get too far today. But Bobby Vinton breaks the rules. His records make the charts right up there with the great groups and there's a reason for it. He has a bubbly type of charm that completely separates him from the more serious 'new breed' of singer.

"There's really nothing unusual about me," Bobby insists. "My clothes, hairstyle, and way of talking are just about the same as any young man in the middle western United States."

The Midwest is where Bobby has most of his fans. "For some reason, they identify with me as one of their own. I don't know why, because I'm actually from Canonsburg, Pa."

Way back in high school, Bobby wasn't nearly the confident, outgoing person he is today. There were those awful days when he was too small to make the football team. "But, really," he recalls, "it didn't seem so bad to me at the time that I didn't grow. Anyway, I was busy forming my own dance band. I think I was about 15 when I first started the thing going. Then I learned to play all the instruments in the band. What a kick!"

Today, nothing seems to bother Bobby. He's a bachelor and loves it. He lives in a fashionable New York apartment and spends his time fiddling around with a video tape recorder. "This is the greatest gadget you've ever seen," he exclaims. "It records my appearances on TV so that I can have a permanent record of every time I've ever been on a show. When I'm old and dottering, I can ask people in and show them anything they want to see of me on television."

Though Bobby's an open, friendly person, his songs appeal more to the type of listener who is basically lonely, and introverted. Much if his success has been based upon singing these soulful songs like "Mr. Lonely," "Lonely Girl," and other noteworthy hits. "I guess," he suggests, "that most of my real fans are the type of girls who don't get too shook up over things. I mean they don't scream, tear their hair, and try to grab at me or anything like that. Instead, they're quiet, polite, respectful, and would rather listen to me sing than listen to themselves scream. Sometimes, when I read about girls climbing into singers' windows and calling them on the phone for dates, I kind of wish it was the other way around. But all kidding aside, I love my fans."

Traveling is Bobby's favorite thing to do. He has been all across Europe several times and loves doing it alone so that he can meet and learn to know people of other cultures. "I don't like to travel in big groups," Bobby says, "because then you just sit around and talk to the same people about the same things. If you're alone, you get a chance to talk about different things with different people."

There's no special romance in Bobby's life, but there should be soon because he's one of the handsomest bachelors in the land. "I'm glad my records sell," laughs Bobby, "even if I don't have long hair. I guess that you might just say my gimmick is that I'm just a plain homespun boy and that's the way I like it."

That's the way you'd like it, too, if you could meet Bobby Vinton.

INSANITY MAKES SENSE

(Continued from page 10)

Well, I couldn't take it any more. I had to run outside; when I got in the car I just rolled on the floor laughing my insides out. Finally the rajah and his bodyguards rose from the table, bowed gravely to each other, and the group departed while everyone was asking who he was.

Another favorite was our blind man's stunt. Smitty (Mike Smith) and I would enter a restaurant separately as if we didn't know each other, and take separate tables. Drake and Phil Volk would then come in leading Mark, obviously blind, wearing thick black glasses and a white-tipped cane. They'd smash him into a door which made a big crash. Everyone would turn around, see the accident and say, "Aw, the poor man . . ." The three would sit down, order food and eat heartily, while poor Mark was making a complete mess, dropping food and spilling drinks all over the table.

One time Smitty and I brought blind Mark into a restaurant. Mark ordered spaghetti. He'd bring the fork to his mouth—and there was nothing on it. When we were all finished, Mark was still trying to eat his spaghetti which he couldn't get into his mouth. When we got up from the table, Mark complained that he was still hungry. We shouted, "Why do you always order things you can't eat, you jerk."

Well, everybody in the restaurant stopped eating to watch us, unable to believe their ears. As we got louder and ruder, Phil and Drake who pretended they didn't know us, called to the crowd, "Did you hear that? Let's teach those terrible people how to treat a blind person."

When we were ready to leave, Mark pushed his hand into the spaghetti and plaintively asked, "Am I through? Am I through?"

"Okay, pal," I snarled at him," If you can't learn to order food you can grab with your hands we don't want to eat with you any more."

We paid the bill and started out.

"Wait for me, fellows. Please wait for me," Mark wailed piteously, staggering after us, bumping into tables, knocking over glasses.

"Aw, we're stuck with the slob," Smitty and I moaned. "Let's toss a coin to see who goes and gets him."

I lost, so I went back and grabbed his arm impatiently and obviously irritated. Leading him out, I let him crash into the door with his face and feet. Me and Smitty bawled him out. The other diners, led by Phil and Drake, were now yelling and calling us dirty names for our cruelty to the sightless, helpless and hapless man. We could hear the noise clear out in the street.

It's really amazing how you can put on the public as long as you play it straight and don't crack up.

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Dear Kitty,

I am a 13-year-old girl and I have a problem. Almost all of the girls and a lot of the boys at my school act very serious and sophisticated. I am not that way at all. In fact, I'm just the opposite!

I have a real good sense of humor, and I show it by playing jokes. I am considered to be pretty funny. I'm also pretty emotional in my actions. When I get excited over something, I get all tense and start to scream or talk like I'm really excited. My friends show hardly any emotion whatsoever.

Would you say that I'm a little young for my age? Should I take a serious view on life even when I'm having so much fun?

J.P.
Seattle, Wash.

Dear J.P.

There are, of course, things that you should be serious about. But life would be a drag if everybody went around without smiling, trying to be sophisticated all the time. It sounds like you enjoy being the way you are, and your friends enjoy you too. I don't think you are too young for your age. I think you are perfectly normal!

Dear Kitty,

I am 16 and have been going steady with this boy for three months. I'm afraid to have him come over my house to meet my parents, because he's 20 and they will say he's too old for me.

I see him about once a week. He has asked me out about ten times, but I have to turn him down because I don't think my parents will let me go with boys they have not met. He's going steady with me but he dates other girls.

Do you think I should break up with him?

C.H.
Hyattsville, Md.

Dear C.H.

Yes, you should. In the first place, if he is dating other girls and not you, then you aren't "going steady." Also you must realize that this boy is too old for you, or you wouldn't hesitate to introduce him to your parents.

Dear Kitty,

I am a member of a club that I am very proud to belong to. My girlfriend is also a member. Lately she has been cutting me up to my face and saying untrue things behind my back.

I try to avoid her, but wherever the club goes I go and so does she. Most of the things she says about me are embarrassing. I can't take this much longer, so what should I do?

P. B.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear P. B.,

Confront her with the stories you've heard and ask her what her problem is. Since they are untrue, it's very likely that the other girls in the club are losing patience with her too. If you can't seem to talk it out of her, you'll just have to ignore her. Nothing will cut off her stories faster than your paying absolutely no attention to them.

Dear Kitty,

I am 16 and I have a very big problem. I have a boyfriend who always asks me on dates, but never takes me to the right places. Wherever we go, he always buys me fancy and expensive foods. Sometimes I don't feel like having such fancy things, but he forces me to eat them. I often get sick on them.

Please tell me what to do.

H.H.
Bayonne, N.J.

Dear H.H.

He probably thinks he's taking you to the right places, and wants to impress you. Obviously, he thinks a lot of you. Why don't you put your foot down and tell him you much prefer hamburgers?

If you have a problem and would like Kitty to help you with it, please write Dear Kitty, c/o TIGER BEAT Magazine, 1800 N. Highland Avenue, Hollywood, California, 90028. Please sign your name to your letter, but only your initials will be printed.

Dear Kitty,

I am trying to go on a diet, but my mother won't help me lose those extra pounds. She insists I have milk three times a day, but she won't let me have skim milk. I have to eat meat for dinner almost every night.

I simply have to lose weight! Everyone in school is calling me "fatso." What can I do?

M. H.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear M. H.,

Your mother is just interested in your getting the proper nutrition. Perhaps if you went to your family doctor for a diet, he could explain to her that skim milk contains all the good qualities that whole milk does, with only the fat removed. The best way to diet is under a doctor's direction, and your mother should realize this.

If seeing a doctor is out of the question, just try to cut down on between-meal snacks and starchy foods. By the way, you are much better off eating lots of meat and no bread.

Dear Kitty,

I'm 14, and I need help badly! I like this boy very much, and I've only talked to him once in my whole life, when I was with two other girls who knew him. Lately I've seen him working at a store down the street. He doesn't say anything, he just smiles. But he's seen me with my Mom, and when she goes to the store, he talks to her.

About a week ago, he told my Mom he liked me and thought I was cute. Now every time I see him, he just stares at me and grins. But he won't start talking. And I can't think of anything to say! I just stand there and look at him. Help!

J.S.
Alliance, Ohio

Dear J.S.

You like him, he likes you, so you've got lots to go on! The next time you are going to the store, do some advance planning. Think up two or three things that you can make general conversation about—even if it's the weather! Sounds like he's just waiting for you to open your mouth.

Dear Kitty,

I'm 5'6", going on 17 and I'm madly in LOVE with a boy who is 5'4". He will be 22 the day after my birthday. My parents say that it's all right if I go out with him because I've known him for a long time.

I think he likes me, but he won't go out with me because I'm tall compared to him. He takes me home after a dance and kisses me good-night more than once, which must mean something.

He thinks I am too tall for him, and he says he doesn't want to fall in love with me and hurt me. What can I do to convince him that the difference in height doesn't matter?

S. H.
New York, N.Y.

Dear S. H.,

I'm afraid you haven't got much of a chance with him. Obviously he likes you well enough when he's alone with you, but I'm sure you know that this isn't enough. There are many guys and girls who wouldn't let a slight difference in height bother them, but since this bugs your friend, there isn't much you can do about it. He says he doesn't want to hurt you, but as long as he limits his time with you to a few kisses after a dance, he is. Tell him so, and then go home from the next dance with a guy that will take you there.

Dear Kitty,

I am the only child in my family, and I have a nephew who comes over to my house every day of his life. I'm getting pretty tired of it, but my mother will not make him go home. What can I do about it?

B. C.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear B. C.,

You didn't explain why your nephew bothers you. If it's just the attention he's getting from your mother, you should be ashamed of yourself. Apparently she enjoys his company. You aren't jealous of him, are you?

(Continued on page 62)

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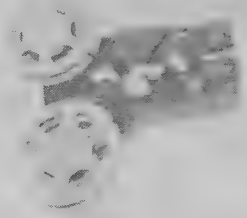

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(Continued from page 46)

Knickerbockers. They had seen the name on a marquee, but never really gave it much attention.

Jimmy, the married member, explained "You see, Buddy and Beau wrote the song about two years ago. At that time the top ten records were almost all English. They were greatly influenced by the British sound. We didn't go into the studio to copy the Beatles, I mean who would be crazy enough to try that. But it just happens that Beau's voice timber is the same as John Lennon's and Buddy's like Paul's. They can't help it!" he said apologetically.

He went on to say, "So many people have told us we sound like the Beatles. We're proud just to be put in a class with them. I think they're the greatest group I've seen since I was 14 years old. Really, it would be the biggest thrill of my life if I could meet them!"

Buddy co-wrote "Lies" with Beau and "Short Shorts" with Bob Gaudio (of the Four Seasons). As he strummed his guitar, tuning and retuning, the youngest member of the group described how he goes about writing songs: "I don't really work at it," Beau said. "I'll just get into a mood (usually about four in the morning) and sit down and begin strumming chords on my guitar. I'll often have an idea that struck me weeks ago, I can't figure out how I remember it, but I do. Then I'll begin developing a story line as I go along."

On stage, Beau gives the impression that he's trying to keep from smiling. "Do I really?" he questioned. " I don't mean to. Actually, I'm always in a really good mood on stage, I guess I just try and look serious."

The enthusiasm that this group has was apparent throughout the conversation. Jimmy became even more excited as he talked about their concert tours with Manfred Mann and Roy Orbison. "We love playing the big shows. Nothing can compare with it, really. With 12 or 16 thousand kids screaming at the same time, the hugeness is absolutely gripping!"

Was the group happy about their recent success? "Aaarrrggghhh!" his reply came back. Beau and Johnny broke into laughter as Jim tried to explain his unusual expression. "Nobody says that out here, but we're slowly taking over Hollywood with it!" His buddies still laughing he went on. "In comic books, when one of the characters is really, really excited over something he says "Aaarrrggghhh!" It is a completely infectious expression. Just watch, you'll be saying it before long."

Comic book fans, but also television fans, the Knickerbockers probably compose the smallest, but most devoted Bob Conrad fan club in the

country. "He's our favorite actor." Johnny blurted out. "We're always late to the club on Friday nights, because we have to watch 'Wild, Wild West!' One night he came by the club to see our act. We were all so excited, he's a really great guy!"

When the boys came to the Red Velvet, it marked their first trip to the West Coast. With his New Jersey accent still in evidence, Jim seemed anxious to compare the two coasts. "People are very quick to accept you here and we like this. The people are less inhibited, they live for today and don't worry about tomorrow. Around New York, it's a different scene. It's essential that you don't blow your cool. Out here, anyone can wear or act as they want. We like this attitude."

Stage crews were beginning to look for the Knickerbockers to get set up for their opening number. What impression do these versatile, talented, good-looking fellows make? "AAARRRGGGHHH!" Which in comic book talk means they're pretty exciting. No lie!

SIMON & GARFUNKLE

(Continued from page 31)

very personal and it's like verbally disrobing in public sometimes, and the reaction most audience give—a sort of emotional catharsis. Sometimes I think why should they have the right to gain this emotional release through my hang-ups and problems Performing does hang me up. Circumstances have put us into an area of show business that we had not originally intended to go into. That's pop music. We are sort of in a folk type bag. Then this record took off in a pop sense so now we're in it. But don't misunderstand. We're by no means disappointed about being in it. We're quite pleased. More people can hear us than heard us before. I'm very pleased as a writer. As a writer, that's what you want—you want people to hear what you write. Now I've had more opportunity than ever before. I am pleased although I'm surprised."

A few years from now, pop and folk fans of Paul Simon and Art Garfunkle will be wondering whatever happened to them. The reason for this is another bit of their philosophy. They don't want to do the same thing for a number of years. They feel a job is comparable to playing a game. Once you've won, the game's over and it's time to move on to other things. And move on they will.

GUYS, GALS, GROUPS

(Continued from page 53)

Lou Christie

Lou Christie was born Lugee Geno Sacco, February 19, 1943, in Glen Willard, Pennsylvania. He weighs 165 lbs. and is 5'11" with brown hair and green eyes. He graduated from Moon Township High School where he won a scholarship to study classical music. His hobbies include writing, painting, swimming, and boating. Lou's ambition is to combine his career as a singer with that of a songwriter and to eventually become an actor. He is a clothes fanatic and always dresses in the latest styles with sweaters being his weakness. His likes include movies (especially with Sophia Loren), parties, animals, driving, long blonde hair, and honesty. He dislikes gossip and petty people. His favorite sports include swimming, tennis, and water skiing.

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John Gavin
Lorne Greene
Clu Gulager
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Jerry Lewis
Gary Lockwood
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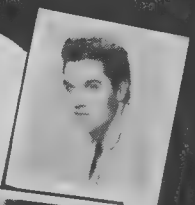

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DEAR KITTY

(Continued from page 56)

Dear Kitty,

There is a girl in our class who wears clothes from the dime stores and has the greasiest hair I've ever seen. She must only wash it once every three months! When I'm talking to someone, she always butts in.

I can't stand her, and neither can anyone else! How can I tell her off without losing my temper?

T. M.
Rensselaer, Ind.

Dear T. M.,

Obviously this girl hasn't got the advantages as the rest of your friends and you have. Try putting yourself in her place—how would you feel if you had to wear cheap clothes? Probably pretty lonely. She is butting in because she needs somebody to talk to. Why don't you and your friends try a little kindness. If anybody needed a friend, this girl does. You might be surprised at the change in her if someone paid some attention to her.

Dear Kitty,

My girlfriend and I are the best of friends when we are alone together. But at school she is always showing off and pretending she never likes me at all.

Recently I started liking this boy and just to be smart she hooked him for herself. Pretty soon she'll drop him and go after another boy some poor girl likes. She is a very pretty girl, but I could beat her kindness by a mile!

I want to do something about this without breaking up our friendship.

J. E.
Taylors, S.C.

Dear J. E.,

What friendship? Not only doesn't she like you, but I don't think you care for her much either. Drop her as fast as you can, or you'll be in for more of the same treatment. As the saying goes, with friends like that, who needs enemies?

Dear Kitty,

I don't have any problems at all. But I hope you will print this anyway.

This is to all the girls who gripe because they are taller than the boys. I am 13 years old and 5'9". I used to gripe about my height because all the boys my age are under 5'5". I'm not teased about it much, but when I go with a boy everybody asks if I'm embarrassed to walk with him because of my height.

I just stopped thinking about it. I even went with a boy 5'2" and we never paid any attention to the difference in our heights!

So girls, don't complain about being tall. I'm proud of it and you should be too!

N. F.
Stroud, Okla.

Dear N. B.,

You've said it all better than I could. Thanks a lot.

(Continued from page 47)

now playing with the John Miles Blues Band.

Jim, who is 5'10", 140 pounds, with dark hair and green eyes, is a drummer who believes in ghosts and likes casual clothes. He gets angry at ignorant and biased people and likes those who won't let him down and would be willing to share a lot of material and immaterial things with him. He prefers girls who are sweet, have good looks and a sense of humor and aren't catty. Jim claims his vices are laziness and absent mindedness and that the best thing about him is his head.

Keith Relf, 5'8", 126 pounds, is the blond-haired, blue-eyed lead singer. He likes being with people who are unpretentious, unbiased and genuine, and he believes strongly in the 4th, 5th, and 6th dimensions, which means he things there're other forms of life going on at the same time. Keith likes feminine girls who have humility, and doesn't like girls who are preoccupied with fashions and have shallow interests. He hates ill-mannered fans, is frightened of the supernatural, and what we don't know about, and the person he'd most like to meet is himself, whom he claims not to know. His favorites include Steve McQueen, Indian Currey, the color blue, and sleeping in the nude. He also likes most kinds of music. He tries listening to jazz.

Of all the countries they have performed in, which include America and most of Europe, Ireland is the place they find most exciting to perform in. As they explain it, "Ireland doesn't have many bands and groups coming over. They treat it refreshingly. It's been very wild because it's the old country."

Life around the Yardbirds has changed a great deal since their success. But the boys within themselves haven't changed at all. They live to meet people and try to understand those they meet. They bring great joy to the world, even if at times, they break a few hearts when they leave those who love them.

(Continued from page 15)

ANSWERS TO STAR TEST

1. a, c, d	11. b, c, e
2. c, e	12. b
3. a, d, e	13. b
4. a, b	14. c
5. a, b, c	15. a, b, c, e
6. b, c, d	16. c
7. d	17. c
8. a, c, d, e	18. c
9. b, c	19. b
10. c	20. a, b, c

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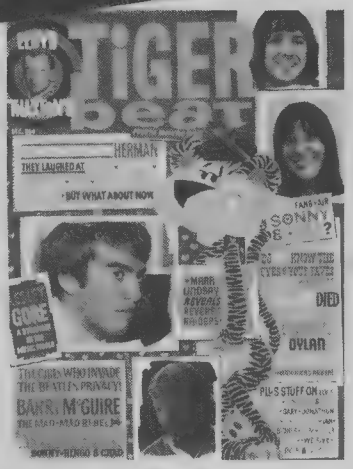

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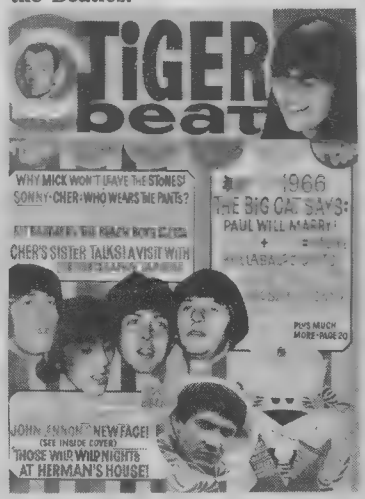

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TIGER TALK

(Continued from page 7)

BEATS THE BEATLES

I think Gary Lewis is the greatest thing since the creation of the world. I certainly don't want to get anybody mad at me, but I do believe that he's better than the Beatles, Beach Boys, Herman, the Stones, and all those groups.

I luv these groups too, but everybody has to agree with me that Gary's much, much better-groomed and much cuter. Please keep featuring him in your tuff mag!

Gary Forever
San Jose, Calif.

ALL FOR DYLAN

I did not like the aricle you did on Bob Dylan at all! You were so cruel to him. You criticized him in everything he did or does. You say he seizes the themes of loneliness, fear, war, freedom and despair. What's wrong with that?

You said if Dylan ever did become an idol it would be the most unusual thing that ever happened. Just because he's not beautiful like Presley or the Beatles doesn't mean he's not going to be an idol!

I think Bob is the best songwriter of today. I also think the guy knows what he's talking about when he writes. I don't care if he's a beatnick or not. I still love his music. I think we need more people like Bob in the music business, don't you?

Kathy Pope
Cincinnati, Ohio

P. J. PROBY is the star trying to get away from his fans pictured on page 6. He, like so many others, enjoys the fans, but is also a little afraid of them on occasion.

SONNY AND CHER

I would like to say something to the kids who don't think singers like Sonny and Cher should change their appearance. As far as I'm concerned, they don't stand for anything. I don't think they are nonconformists. All the kids that dress like them and try to look like them are the real conformists!

I guess I'm just one of those old-fashioned girls who believes in clean-cut groups like the Beach Boys and Jan and Dean. I think kids ought to get off this "protest" kick and start making America proud of us. We are the next generation, and it's time to get back to looking a little more like human beings and less like animals. Dig?

T. B.
Sarasota, Fla.

DAVID'S A BABY?

What's with David McCallum anyway? He looks like Baby Huey. People should have Robert Vaughn's pictures in their mags because he's lots cuter and is much more talented!

Ginny Waszak
Milwaukee, Wisc.

GALE GARNETT is the girl singer who's holding the ocelot's leash on page 7. Gale's one of the most talented of all the femme singers of today and is also a terrific business-woman. She also loves pets as is evident by our cat-like friend on page 7.

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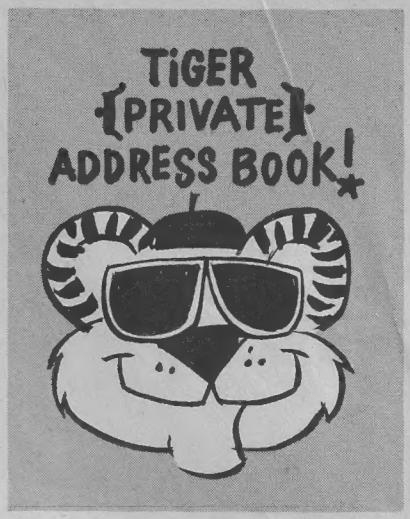

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Keith Allison is so cute it's hard to pay attention to what he's saying!

Chad and Jeremy get my vote for the best comedy team of the year.

Four guys who are zooming right to the top — the great Knickerbockers.

How do you like the fab painting a fan did for Sonny and Cher?

I got the Raiders to stand still for a minute to ask some questions.

Met Joey Paige at a party recently. Isn't he a sharp dresser?

The never-before-told stories about your favorites from the gal who PERSONALLY knows them all! . . . . . .

by Laudy Powell

MEOW...W!

The first thing I noticed about Sonny and Cher's new house was a huge striped king-size mattress propped up against the fence in the front yard. "I was smoking in bed," explained Sonny, "and I also had something cooking in the kitchen. When I went out there to check it, the bed started cooking!"

"He burned up my favorite sheets, and my beautiful Italian bedspread!" **Cher** called out from the living room, where she was busy being photographed for a new album cover. She was wearing a gorgeous yellow and black herringbone pants suit and black shoes that buttoned up the sides. **Sonny** took me inside to have a look around.

Wow! What a house these two have got! If there ever was a heaven on earth, **Sonny** and **Cher** just bought it! You sink into the green carpet practically up to the ankles. The furniture is Mediterranean and there are scads of beautiful paintings all over. "We had a friend of ours decorate it for us," said **Sonny,** who was walking around in his stocking feet. One end of the living room is sliding glass doors, and two steps away is a swimming pool. **Sonny** pointed out the view with pride. "We're so happy here. It's everything we've always wanted." He was wearing a dark green suede vest with matching bell bottoms, and he fit right in with the color scheme. Anybody who says these two kids don't know how to dress is out of their minds!

Before I left, **Cher** showed me three huge paintings a fan had done for them. They were of both her and Sonny. "He worked for six months on them," enthused **Cher.** "He did them from photographs of us, and we're so pleased and happy with them! He just gave them to us the other day, and we want to hang them somewhere in the house." I don't think these two wonderful people will ever take anything about their fabulous success for granted. Right now they are working very hard on their first motion picture, and I know they'll be just as great in this as they are in everything else!

You are likely to meet everyone sooner or later on the Sunset Strip, and that's where I ran into **Keith Allison** the other day. While we were talking, I jotted down some notes in shorthand. He was looking over my shoulder and said, "Hey, what are you writing about me?" So I read back to him, "Big brown eyes and long, long eyelashes." You know what? **Keith** blushed! He was wearing black boots, brown corduroy slacks and a green wool sweater with a big turtleneck. He doesn't try to look like **Paul McCartney,** but there is quite a resemblence. By the way, something you probably don't notice about **Keith** from seeing him on Where the Action Is: He's got several silver hairs right in the front of his bangs. "I've had grey hair since I was in high school, and I don't like it very much," he confessed. I think every one of them is cute!

He has a friend who is a drummer who cuts his hair every time **Keith** thinks he needs a trim. It just touches his collar and is very shiny and neat. I asked him if he collects anything. He thought for a minute, and then laughed, "Only hotel towels. When we used to tour a lot, I had quite a collection of them!"

Since I was in the neighborhood, I trotted up to **Derek Taylor's** office to see who I'd find there. I bumped right into **Mark Lindsay. Mark** is, without a doubt, one of the sharpest dressers I've ever seen! Maybe it has something to do with his grooming—I've never seen anybody as shiny-clean as he is! He had on gold suede slacks that were bell-bottomed with a wide brown belt around his hips. And his hair looks like he polishes it regularly.

I hardly had a chance to say "Hi," when the rest of the **Raiders** ran in. Come to think of it, every time I see them, they're running! **Paul Revere** was all excited about his idea for selling **Raider** hats. "Every time we do a personal appearance we bring some of our hats and toss them to the audience," he explained. "The kids seemed to like it so much that we decided to sell some copies for as little as possible."

I've known **Chad Stuart** for quite some time, but when I met **Jeremy Clyde** last week, it was for the first time. He's such a warm person that after just a few minutes I felt I had known him for ages. They were both telling me how much fun they had filming Laredo, which might be a spinoff for a new series. Those of you who caught this on NBC must have enjoyed the show as much as I did. I know everybody likes to listen to **Chad** and **Jeremy** sing, but as far as I'm concerned they really top the list as comedians. "If the series goes," confided **Chad, "Jill** will be written into at least one script as a snobbish English duchess bent on marrying **Jeremy.** Who doesn't go for the idea at all!"

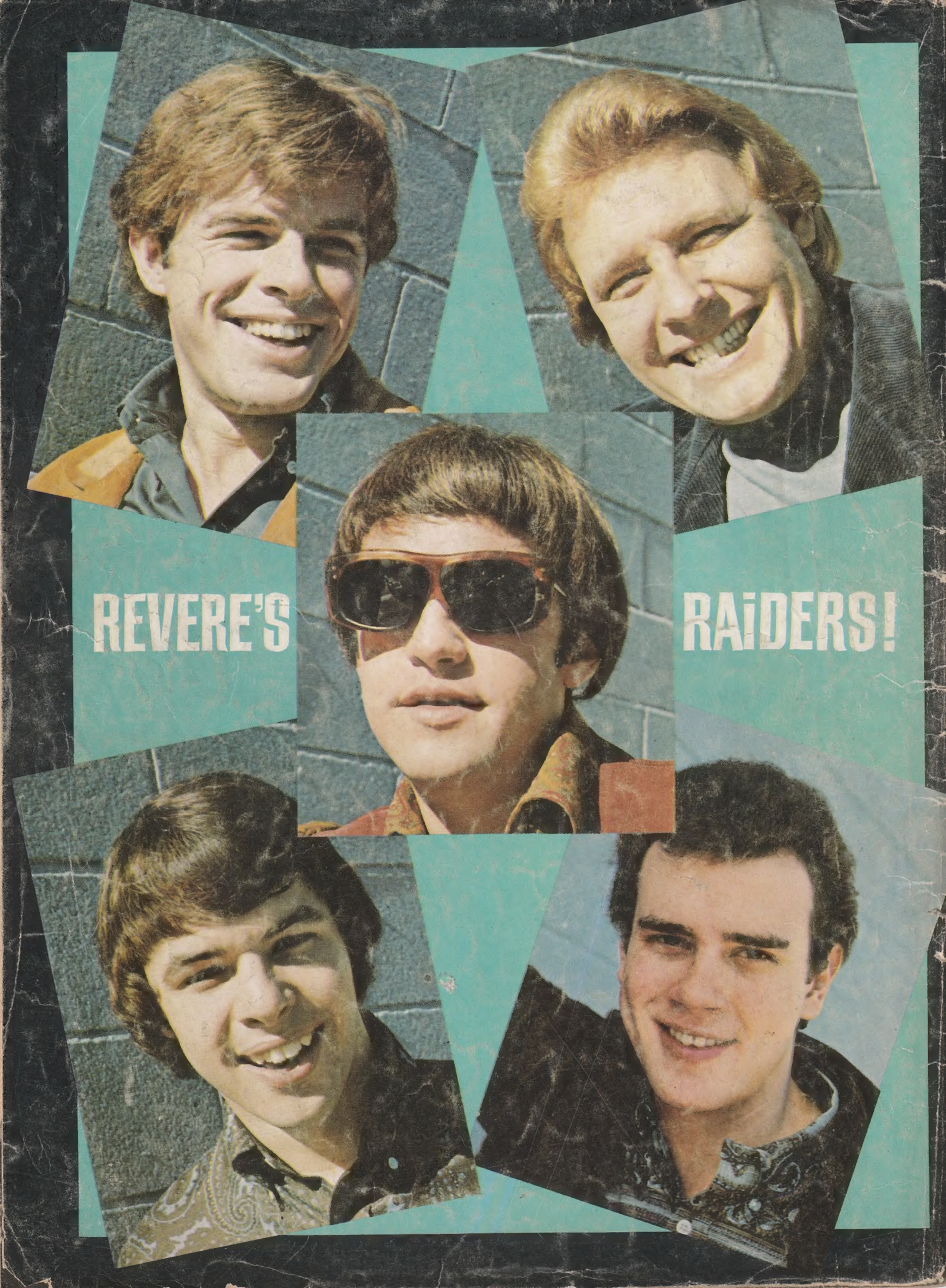
Just as **Chad** mentioned her name, **Jill** breezed into the room, out of breath from running up two flights of stairs. "I'm late for a modeling job," she explained, as she greeted everybody, dropped off **Chad's** keys, blew a kiss at him and was gone. All I can remember about her was that her skirt was 5 inches above her knees and her sunglasses were in their usual place—on top of her head. "Everybody in the family is working," said **Chad.** Which is a happy situation to be in when you live in competitive Hollywood!

Short Notes: **David McCallum** will be leaving us for a while this summer to make a movie in Italy. With the success of his best-selling record album, I've decided there's nothing this guy can't do just a little better than everybody else. I couldn't imagine **David** without his turtleneck sweater any more than I could **Cher** in a dress, can you?

Billy, of Dino, Desi and . . . said the only thing he dislikes about the opposite sex is "when they act dumb!" And by the way, if you don't want **Desi** to get mad at you, don't ask him if he lightens his hair!

Cilla Black has decided to mix show business with her flair for designing. She's opened her own little boutique in Liverpool. She says she will only sell styles that she herself likes to wear. That's good enough for most gals!

'Nuff said for now—I'm running out of room. I'm going to try to find my sunglasses in the pile on my desk so I can get outside to round up some more news. See you next month!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